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SEPTEMBER 2, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899



THE 4TH (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS IN REVIEW ORDER: RECONNOITRING
TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY
FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRY PAYNE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

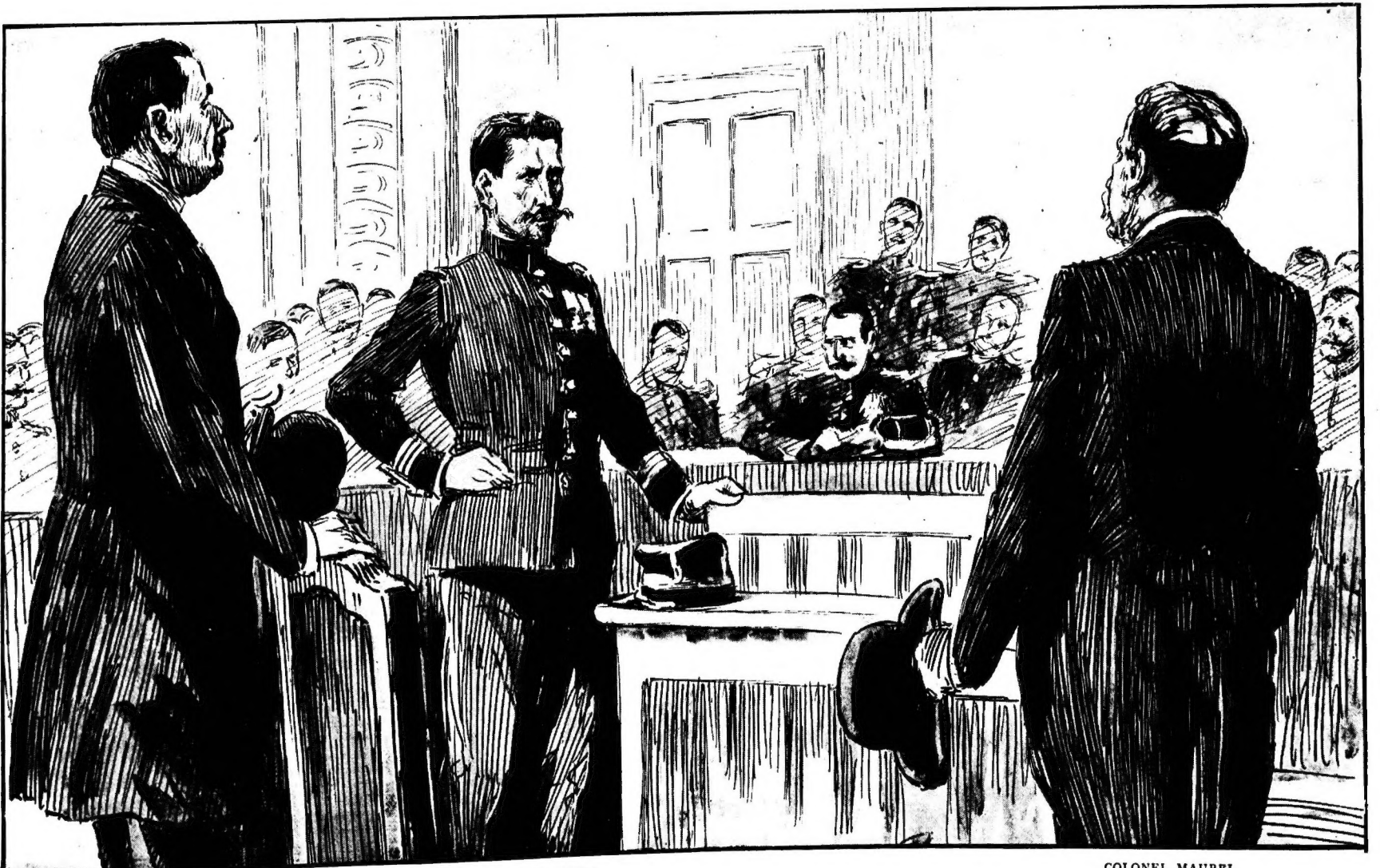
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Registerea as a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
"The 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars in Review Order" By Post, 9½d.



JUDGES AND COUNSEL WATCHING M. BERTILLON'S DEMONSTRATION OF HIS SYSTEM



GENERAL MERCIER

CAPTAIN FREYSTAETTER

COLONEL MAUREL

A SENSATIONAL INCIDENT: TWO JUDGES OF THE FIRST COURT-MARTIAL CONFRONTED

THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS AT RENNES: SKETCHES IN COURT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS

Topics of the Week

"Giving too little and asking too much." MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S minatory utterance at Birmingham does not appear to have produced much effect at Pretoria. President Kruger continues to entrench himself in a stolid *non possumus*; he is willing to make concessions to the Uitlanders—at a price. But the Dutch were always famous for giving too little and asking too much when bargaining, and it is evident that the Boers inherit that peculiarity. In the meanwhile, warlike preparations are being pushed forwards in the Transvaal with the utmost despatch, while, thanks to the obliging kindness of the Cape Government, the ammunition difficulty is overcome. All this spells for war, as does the hurrying up of British troops to the Natal frontier in the expectation that, should hostilities occur, that Colony would be subjected to Boer raids. As matters stand, our garrison, being greatly outnumbered, would have to remain on the defensive until large reinforcements arrived, and as this strengthening could not be effected in less than a month after the declaration of hostilities, the general in command does well to occupy beforehand a number of strong positions. We cannot afford to allow the advantage the Boers had at the beginning of the last campaign, when they held the heights of the Drakensfelds, and resisted all of Sir Pomeroy Colley's gallant efforts to break through that natural fortification.

White versus Black BUT while the two white races in South Africa thus stand face to face, finger on trigger, the blacks, we may depend upon it, are not unobservant spectators of the quarrel. There are already symptoms of unrest, it is reported, among the Matabele, the Basutos, and the Zulus in Natal. Outnumbering the whites enormously, loving plunder, full of martial spirit, and looking back regretfully to the happy times when might was right, it would be nothing short of a miracle were these fierce people to remain supine while their rulers were killing one another. Here is one of our military difficulties which does not receive nearly sufficient consideration from amateur strategists. In addition to the large force told off to bring the Boers to their knees—say 25,000 men—it would be imperative to make adequate provision for the contingency of native risings in Rhodesia, Bechuana-land, Natal and Cape Colony. No doubt, the same obligation would rest on the Pretoria oligarchy; the native tribes in the northern part of the Transvaal would jump at the chance of retaliating on their foreign oppressors. But President Kruger's difficulty in that respect would not lessen ours, but would rather increase it; a successful native rebellion in the Transvaal would be sure to beget imitation elsewhere.

The Turn of the Tide A REMARKABLE change has occurred in connection with the Rennes trial since last week. According to the most trustworthy sources of information on the spot, the likelihood then seemed to be that, although next to no evidence had been produced against Captain Dreyfus, the *ex cathedra* opinions delivered by the great military chiefs would, coupled with professional feeling, insure a conviction. But that is no longer anticipated by unbiassed commentators on the proceedings at Rennes. The huge discredit into which General Mercier has brought himself, the self-stultification of Colonel Maurel, the amazing nonsense of M. Bertillon, above all, the disclosures made by Captain Freystaetter and Colonel Cordier, have changed the whole aspect of this black page in French history. Changed it, that is, for French eyes and minds; foreign opinion long ago came to M. Zola's conclusion that the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus was "a blunder worse than a crime." The question now being asked at Rennes is not whether he will be acquitted; that is assumed as a foregone conclusion; but whether the high officers implicated in the plot to ruin an innocent man should not be brought to trial.

The Housing of the Working Classes IT is not much matter for regret that the L.C.C. should be foiled in its purpose of building houses for London workpeople outside the limits of its jurisdiction. Before carrying this scheme any farther, it is essential to ascertain what the travelling expenses, to and fro, would amount to. Among workmen who have tried the experiment of living some miles away from the area where they obtain employment, it is a standing complaint that what they save in rent goes in payment of railway, tram, and bus fares. True, they get better air, but few of them are over particular on that point, while to counterbalance this unappreciated benefit there is the loss of leisure consequent upon the distance of their homes from their scenes of work. Even the C.C. can hardly propose, in its humanitarian zeal, to convey the son of toil backwards and forwards at the cost of the ratepayers. But if that is not its design we do not see how the object of its kindly solicitude would be benefited by being housed at, say, Hounslow or Hanwell, Barnet or Edmonton. The whole question is exceedingly complex, and a Royal Commission would be a far more suitable body to deal with it than a municipal organisation dominated by Socialistic conceptions and vote-catching impulses can ever be.

THE QUEEN, according to latest arrangements, was to leave Osborne on Thursday evening. Driving to East Cowes, Her Majesty was to cross the Solent to Gosport, and then travel by the splendidly equipped train over the London and South-Western Railway to Basingstoke, thence by the Great Western to Wolverhampton, and then by the London and North-Western and Caledonian Railways to Perth, where breakfast is ordered on Friday morning. Her Majesty would then proceed to Aberdeen and over the Great North of Scotland Railway to Ballater, where she is expected to arrive at two o'clock. An hour's drive to Balmoral would complete the journey. The whole journey occupies about eighteen hours. Her Majesty is expected to stay in Scotland until November.

In the meantime the Royal party at Osborne has broken up, and the departure of Princess Christian and her daughter last week for Germany left Princess Henry of Battenberg only with Her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had left on the previous day, and are staying at Abergeldie Mains, near Balmoral.

A somewhat alarming incident occurred during the Queen's drive on Wednesday evening last week. Her Majesty was in the neighbourhood of Whippingham when a man threw a letter into the carriage. The letter asked the Queen to obtain a new trial of a case which the writer had lost in the Law Courts. The man was arrested, but as soon as it was found that he had given a correct name and address he was released. He is a German, and in defence pointed out that on the Continent it is not an uncommon practice to throw petitions into Royal carriages.

On Thursday the Queen conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon Miss Leonora Maxwell Muller, Lady Superintendent of the Indian Nursing Service, who was recommended by the Commander-in-Chief in India for the keen interest she has always shown in her work, and for special devotion and competency in the discharge of her duties. Miss Sarah Clarke, Miss Mary Nutt, and Miss Minnie Powell, Army Nursing Sisters who have been attached to the Field Hospital of the West African Frontier Force, received the decoration from Her Majesty for their devotion to the sick and their courage in contending with the many difficulties of European life on the Niger.

Last Saturday being the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince Consort, the Queen gave a fête to the labourers on the estate, the servants and some of the men of the Royal yachts. The people were provided with a dinner, after which there were rustic games and dancing. The Queen witnessed some of the sports, and later in the day again drove to the Recreation Grounds and distributed the prizes at the close of the fête.

As the Queen was returning from her drive on Thursday evening a painful incident was witnessed by Her Majesty at Newport. An accident had befallen a lad of about sixteen years, who, whilst engaged in some extension works of the Newport Gas Company, had been run over by a steam crane driven by his own brother, and received frightful injuries. The Queen happened to pass at the time of the sufferer's removal on a stretcher to the local ambulance wagon for conveyance to the county hospital, and made kind inquiries as to his injuries through her attendants. Her Majesty subsequently caused a telegram to be sent from Osborne to the hospital, notifying the coming of the patient, with the request that every attention should be paid him, and a wish to be informed of his condition. The lad died, however, soon after his arrival at the institution.

The latest reports from Marienbad represent the Prince of Wales as going through his cure very thoroughly. Princess Louise has joined him there. The Prince is expected to leave Marienbad at the end of this week and go to Frankfurt-on-Main before visiting the Empress at Friedrichshof. His Royal Highness will probably pay a visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, their beautiful old seat near Ollerton, early in the shooting season.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales arrived at Copenhagen at eight o'clock on Saturday evening, having travelled by special train from Munich, whither they had travelled from Woerischofen. The members of the British Legation were assembled at the station to welcome Her Royal Highness, who proceeded almost immediately afterwards for Gjentofte. At Gjentofte railway station the Princess was received by King Christian, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and all the members of the Danish Royal family, with a number of distinguished guests. Her Royal Highness drove to Bernstorff Castle.

The Duke of Connaught visited last week Dundee to inaugurate two memorials in celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. One of these was the Victoria Hospital for Incurables, which has been erected at a cost (including the site) of 50,000*l.*, raised by public subscription. The other memorial is a statue of the Queen, which the Duke subsequently unveiled.

The Duchess of York concluded her visit to the Hon. H. J. and Lady Katharine Coke at Longford Hall, in Derby, and returned to town on Thursday last week, and went to Tonbridge on a visit to Mr. Drummond. On Saturday her Royal Highness drove to Knole Park, Sevenoaks, to pay a visit to Lord Sackville. The Duchess had tea on the South Colonnade after being conducted over the historic mansion and inspecting the pictures in the Cartoon Gallery.

The Duke of York has left Polton Abbey for Scotland, where he is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, at Tulchan Lodge, Elginshire.

"Place aux James"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE tremendous heat of this summer has tried man and beast alike, but the story of a deliberate dog's suicide that is related in a contemporary, if true, shows how similar in temperament are men and dogs. The animal in question dived into the water and held its head under till he was drowned, after being twice rescued by a sympathetic bystander! Many of us, during the recent heat, would have liked to hold our head under water, but were deterred by fears of the County Council, and the implied threat of wasting the precious element. Seriously, most people have realised something of the delights of tropical existence this year—the dust, the drought, the flies, the mosquitoes, which seem to have been pretty general, the sultry nights in which no sleep was to be obtained. Only one plague has been missing, and that was wasps, which have been conspicuous by their absence.

It is certainly wonderful that no enterprising caterer has thought to provide outdoor dinners in London, or to arrange more *à la carte* entertainments. When one remembers the delightful dining places in Paris, with their spotless drapery and their attentive waiters, and the pleasant *cafés chantants* as agreeable lounging places to the follow, where a cigar and a cup of coffee help to while away the evening, one wonders at the apathetic conservatism of Englishmen. Time was when not a decent restaurant, in which to entertain ladies, could be found in all London. Now their name is legion, and no one thinks it improper, or even abnormal, to be seen there, even without the escort of a gentleman. Will not the summer fashion of outdoor dining make its way in England as the restaurants have done? Our summers seem to get warmer, and our longings for fresh air greater, every year. Roof gardens and outdoor theatres and music halls are yet a great way off, yet why should they be? The climate is no worse than in Paris, where the *à la carte* entertainments regularly begin with the summer, or in Germany, where the beer gardens form an agreeable feature of homely, middle-class life. A man is less likely to get drunk sitting in a pleasant garden, with cool surroundings, with perhaps a band of music or some singers to entertain him, than in the stuffy atmosphere of a public-house, now the only refuge from the hot and dusty street.

Homburg has been exceedingly full of visitors this month, and outdoor dances and picnics formed the favourite amusements. One of the prettiest women at Homburg was universally acknowledged to be Lady Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel, who created quite a sensation by her beauty. Her mother was partly Hungarian, and from her she inherits marvellous dark eyes, put in, as they say in Ireland, with dirty fingers. Mr. H. J. Thaddeus has just painted a portrait of her, a harmony in grey, very striking in its simplicity. The same painter also exhibits a fine picture of the Pope receiving a new cardinal in State, the engraving of which will no doubt be greedily sought after by all devout Catholics, and a likeness of Mr. George Wombwell.

That the seats in the parks are being habitually used as sleeping places for dirty tramps is not at all a pleasing idea, and the drastic measures taken by the vestry of Whitechapel to put an end to the nuisance seems admirably devised. No doubt the tramp, who prefers the starlit skies and the dews of heaven to the inside of the casual ward, feels much aggrieved at this infringement of his liberty; but seats are placed in parks for the rest and refreshment of all, of the old, the weak, and the children of the respectable classes, and the notion of providing beds for vagrants never entered their kind purveyors' heads. Only in London does one see the ragged, filthy, and unashamed tramp parading his dirt and misery in the full light of day among the fashionably dressed and wealthy in the public promenade. Elsewhere, he and his kind retire from prying eyes, and hide themselves in dusky spots. It is a sight that especially shocks foreigners, the strange irony of fate, the terrible contrasts of poverty and riches, and yet these tramps are not really all to be pitied. They are loafers and vagabonds by nature, they live on the borderland of crime, they hate order and cleanliness and the restraints of civilisation, and prefer a savage life from natural, unfettered instinct.

The mildness of the beverages drunk by young men forms a distinctive note of the present day. When our grandfathers drank port and sherry, our fathers brandies and sodas, the modern youth drinks lemon-squash, the lightest of Moselles and Hocks, and occasionally despises not even milk and soda-water. Champagne still holds its own, of course, at convivial meetings, but the everyday beverage consists of claret or Moselle. The Duke of York habitually drinks the latter wine and never touches champagne, and his example is followed by many others. It looks as if temperance were to be the factor in the future, a temperance not merely of total abstinence, which always argues fear of one's own powers of self-restraint, but the sobriety of perfect indifference and moral strength. If only this admirable fashion could filter down to the lower classes an enormous stride in civilisation would have been effected.

The question of the books to take with one on a summer holiday sorely vexes people's minds. A simple remedy would be, instead of devouring the mass of foolish trash which is hourly poured forth on the market, to return to our old favourites. Why not re-read Sir Walter Scott in his best setting on the Scotch moors? Or again, why not dip into Balzac, that great dissector of women's hearts, who was the precursor and progenitor of all the De Mussets, Daudets, Goncourts, Flauberts, Maupassants, and Bourgetts of later times, with their acapels and their foragings into the hidden recesses of emotion? Balzac is ever fresh and ever new. He wearies not, neither does he grow old. A lady of my acquaintance invariably chooses for her literary companions Balzac, Heine, Goethe, and Shakespeare, and with them for solace and refuge who could be unhappy? Like Leigh Hunt, one could say of them, "Now I loved the authors of those books not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them."

By W. MOY THOMAS

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight.
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Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.



GENERAL FABRE



MAITRE DEMANGÉ, ONE OF THE COUNSEL FOR CAPTAIN DREYFUS



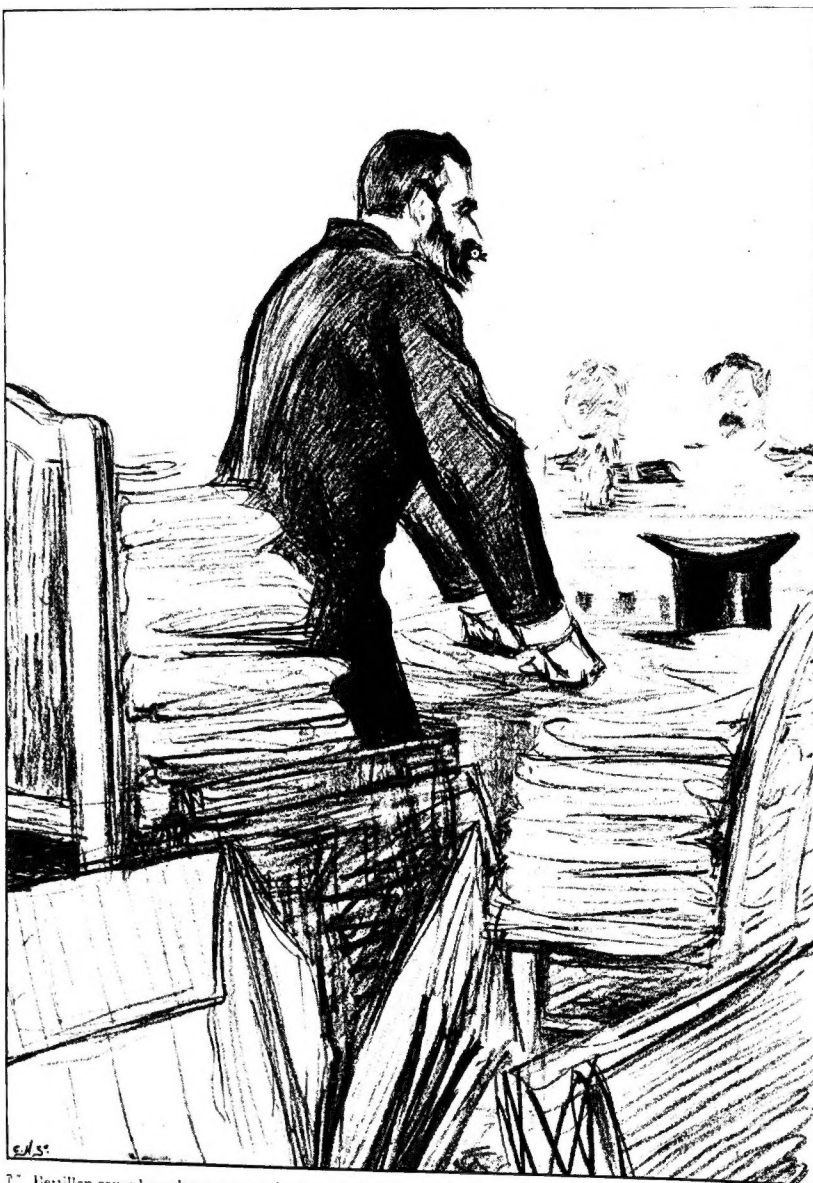
COMMANDANT LAUTH



COMMANDANT CUIGNET



LIEUT.-COLONEL D'ABOVILLE



M. Bertillon caused much amusement in Court by bringing with him a mass of papers and other things to assist him in his explanation of his system

M. BERTILLON, THE WRITING EXPERT, EXPLAINING HIS SYSTEM

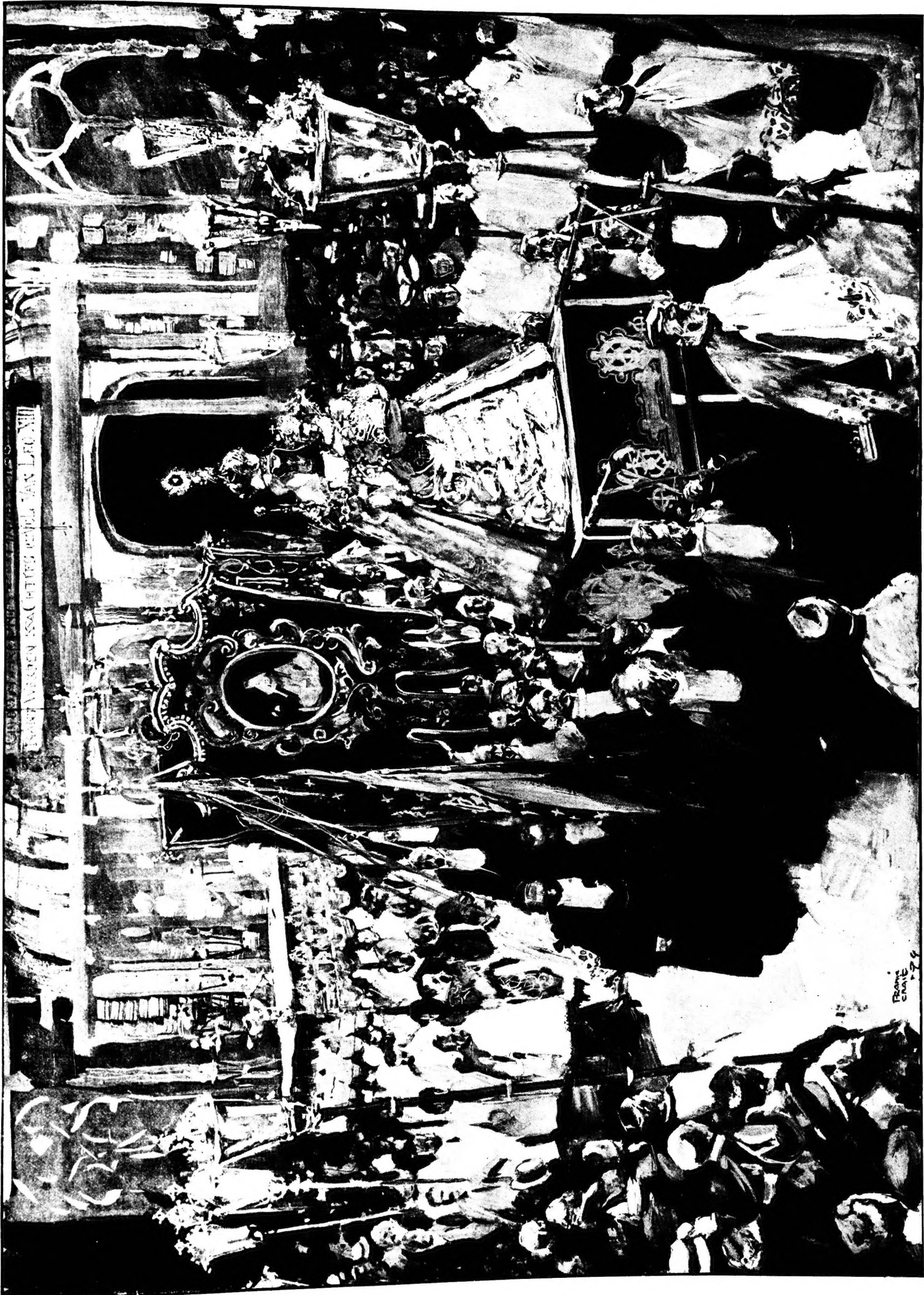


During the absence for a few days of the eloquent counsel after he had been shot, General Mercier called at his hotel to ask after him

MAITRE LABORI THANKING GENERAL MERCIER FOR KIND INQUIRIES

THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: SKETCHES IN COURT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOARD



The statue of the Virgin in the Church of Notre Dame, in Antwerp, which is borne through the city with full ceremonial every hundred years, was taken from its place in the cathedral and exhibited to the public in all the glory of its new raiment on Sunday last week. When the doors of the cathedral were thrown open, there emerged a brilliant and varied collection of costumes and uniforms. The gorgeously apparelled Virgin was borne on a velvet platform by eight gentlemen in evening dress, and wearing black silk robes. Her mantle of cloth of gold, her under-robe of silver and pearls, and her golden crown, encrusted with jewels, threw even the silken banners into the shade. The statue was followed by the cardinal in red and the bishops wearing their mitres and carrying their croziers; they were accompanied by hosts of priests, acolytes, and monks.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION IN ANTWERP: THE CENTENNIAL PROCESSION OF THE VIRGIN FROM NOTRE DAME

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

THE GRAPHIC



TROOPER PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK'S REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS, 1685

The 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars

By J. PERCY GROVES, Lieut.-Colonel, Royal Guernsey Artillery

Illustrated by HARRY PAYNE

DURING the year 1685, in accordance with a Royal Warrant issued by James II., eight independent troops of dragoons were raised—chiefly at Wincanton, Shaftesbury, Shepton Mallet, Warminster, and Ilchester—and subsequently embodied as a regiment, of which the Hon. John Berkeley was appointed colonel by commission dated July 17, 1685*. The new corps was styled "The Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment of Dragoons," and is known to-day as the 4th Queen's Own Hussars.

The following is the first list of officers:—

Colonel: John Berkeley (with a troop); Lieut.-Colonel: Thomas Maxwell (with a troop); Major: Francis Hawley (without a troop); Captains: Robert Wythe, George Philpot, Sir James Philips, Bart., Sir Hugh Middleton, Bart., Hugh Wyndham, and Oliver St. George; Lieutenants: Giles Spicer (Capt.-Lieut.), Anthony Ovington, John Winnell, Edwin Sands, Matthew Bellew, Nicholas Fortescue, Robert Fraine, and Francis Tankard; Cornets: Griffin May, Henry Gasshion, Edmond Mortimer, — Cahaigne (or Kaghane), Robert Barkham, John Butler, Charles St. Clair, and Thomas Boucher; Adjutant: Thomas Knox; Quartermaster: John Gosnold; Chaplain: Samuel Pratt; Surgeon: John Olivier.

Shortly after the embodiment of the Princess Anne of Denmark's Dragoons two troops were reduced, and in a list of King James's army encamped on Hounslow Heath, in June, 1686, they are shown as consisting of six troops, each forty strong.†

At the Revolution of 1688, Colonel Berkeley was one of the first to join William of Orange, and so the King deprived him of the regiment, but he was reinstated by William within a few weeks. In the following year the regiment was employed against the Jacobites in Scotland. From 1692 to 1697 it served in Flanders,

*The Hon. John Berkeley served in the 1st Foot Guards at Sedgemoor. In 1690 he succeeded his brother as Viscount FitzHardinge.

† This list appears in Vol. I. of "The Antiquarian Repertory."

and fought with distinction at the battles of Steenkirk and Landen; also at Rouselaer, where, as dismounted dragoons, it defeated a superior body of French troops. It was now known as "Essex's Dragoons," Augustus, Earl of Essex having been appointed colonel in 1693. From this period until 1751 (and, indeed, for some years later) the regiment was known by its colonel's name.

Essex's Dragoons embarked for the Peninsula in 1706, and in 1707 they fought at Almanza, where the Confederate forces, under Marquis das Minas and the Earl of Galway, were defeated by the Franco-Spanish army commanded by the Duke of Berwick. Essex's Dragoons were formed on the left of the Confederate line, and in an attack upon the enemy's cavalry they suffered severe loss, the commanding officer, Colonel Dorner, being amongst those who fell on that fatal day. In 1710 Lord Essex died, and the regiment was given to Sir Richard Temple (afterwards Lord Cobham), who, in 1713, was succeeded by Major-General William Evans. Under General Evans the regiment took a prominent part in suppressing the Jacobite rising in 1715, distinguishing itself at Dunblane. It next saw service in Flanders, and fought at Dettingen, and at Melle (Pas du Méle), where it cut its way out of an ambushade. It was again on the Continent in 1747, and served under the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Val.

In 1755 a light troop was added to the establishment of the 4th Dragoons, but it was reduced in 1763. In 1788 the regiment was styled "The 4th Queen's Own Dragoons."

The 4th Queen's Own Dragoons served in the Peninsula from 1809 until the Peace of 1814. They were present at Talavera, Busaco, the occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras, the sieges of Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Burgos, and were engaged at Los



OFFICER 4TH (QUEEN'S OWN) DRAGOONS, 1802

Santos, Albuhera, Salamanca, Vittoria, in the Pyrenees, at Tarbes, Toulouse, and many other minor affairs.

In 1818 the 4th were made Light Dragoons. In 1821 they embarked for the East Indies, and when, in 1838, there was trouble in Afghanistan they joined the "Army of the Indus," and contributed to the victories gained by Lord Keane and his gallant troops. The honours "Ghuznee" and "Afghanistan" on their appointments commemorate the services of the 4th Light Dragoons in restoring Shah Soojah to his dominions. The regiment returned to England in 1842.

When the Russian War broke out, the 4th Light Dragoons were among the cavalry regiments selected for service, and they embarked for the East on July 18, 1854, under command of Colonel Lord George Augustus Paget. Landing in the Crimea on September 19, they were attached to Lord Cardigan's Light Brigade, and on the 21st were present at the Alma. In the historic charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the 4th rode on the right and a little in rear of the 11th Hussars, having the 8th Hussars on their right. At first the Russian guns were hidden from view by the dust and smoke, but on their nearer approach the 4th saw that, at the part of the battery they were making for, the enemy's drivers were trying to carry off their guns. "Then," writes Kinglake, "an officer of the regiment—and one too, strange to say, who had hitherto been most inexorably rigid in enforcing exactness—brought his hand to the ear, and delivered a shrill 'Tally-ho!' which hurled forward the hitherto well-ordered line, and broke it up into racing horsemen. In the next instant, with an ungovernable rush, our Dragoons broke into the battery." Kinglake also tells how, in the midst of the furious *mille* that ensued between Paget's Dragoons and the Russian artillerymen, "Cornet Edward Warwick Hunt became so eager to prevent the enemy from hauling off one of their pieces that, after first returning his sword, he coolly dismounted, and at a moment when the six wretched artillery horses and their drivers were the



TROOPER 4TH DRAGOONS, 1751

subject of a raging combat, applied his mind with persistency to the other end of the traces or 'prolong,' and sought to disengage the gun from the harness; a curious act of audacity in the thick of a fight for which, unless I mistake, his colonel both damned and admired him." In this glorious charge the 4th lost Major Halkett, Lieutenant Sparke and thirty-two non-commissioned officers and men killed; Captains Brown and Hutton, and twenty-two non-commissioned officers and men wounded.* Lord George Paget was one of the last of the shattered Brigade who rode labouring in up the valley. The 4th were present at Inkerman and during the operations before Sebastopol. They returned home in 1856. The regiment had embarked for the seat of war with a total strength of twenty officers and 299 non-commissioned officers and men, and while on service it received in reinforcements seven officers and 345 non-commissioned officers and men; total twenty-seven officers and 644 non-commissioned officers and men. Of these numbers three officers and 123 non-commissioned officers and men were killed or died of wounds or disease, and eleven officers and seventy-four non-commissioned officers and men were invalided home.

In 1861, the 4th were made Hussars, and two years later they embarked for India, where they remained till 1878. Our supplement shows troopers of the 4th Hussars reconnoitring.

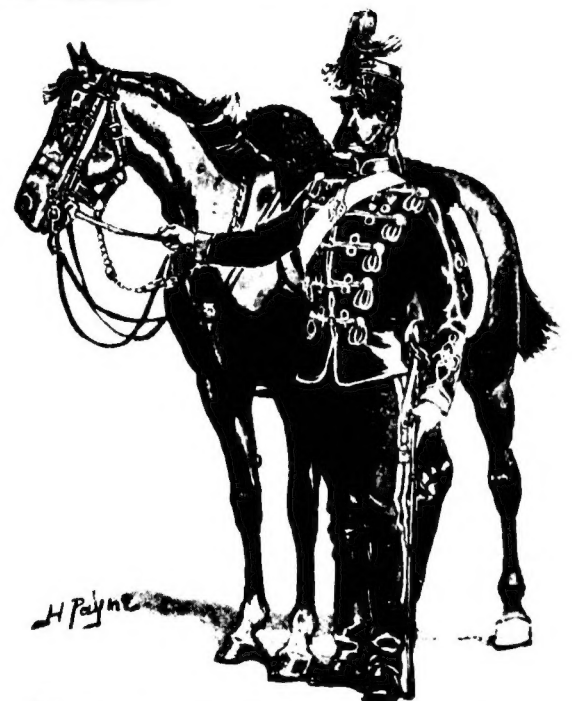
UNIFORM.—The uniform of Princess Anne of Denmark's Dragoons was scarlet lined with green; the men wore hats bound with silver lace, with a metal headpiece fixed in the crown. The horse furniture was made of green cloth, with the Royal Cypher embroidered on the housings and holster caps. In addition to sword and pistols, a Dragoon of that period carried "a snaphanse musquet, strap, with bright barril three foote eight inches long, cartouch-box, bayonett, granado pouch, bucket, and hammer-hatchett"; the boots were "funnel-topped," reaching half-way up the thigh. The wide rims of the hats being found inconvenient, first one, and then two flaps were turned up, until about Queen Anne's time the third flap went up, and the three-cornered cocked hat was formed, and long continued as the head-dress of the British Army. The 4th wore scarlet faced with green until they were made Light Dragoons in 1818, when the uniform was altered to blue with yellow facings. In 1830 scarlet with green facings was again taken into wear, and continued to be the uniform of the regiment up to 1842, when blue, faced with scarlet, was adopted. The uniform of to-day is blue; busby-bag, yellow; plume, scarlet.

The 4th Hussars bear on their appointments the honours, Dettingen, Talavera, Albuhera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, Peninsula, Afghanistan, Ghuznee, Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman and Sebastopol.

* The following officers of the 4th Light Dragoons rode in the Balaclava Charge:—Colonel Lord George Paget, Major Halkett, Captains Low, Brown, Portal and Hutton; Lieutenants Sparke and Hedworth Jolliffe; Cornets Martin, Affleck, King and Hunt.



TROOPER 4TH LIGHT DRAGOONS (1845) FIRING FROM THE SADDLE IN THE OLD WAY



TROOPER 4TH LIGHT DRAGOONS (1860) STANDING AT "ATTENTION"

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

At this present writing, while most of the world seem to be steaming and limp and helpless, there are others who evince the most surprising energy. Waiting for a friend the other day—I had a long while to wait—I gazed out of his back windows, which looked on some well-known and fashionable mews, and I came to the conclusion the business must be slack, and that most of the carriages and horses had gone out of town with their proprietors. For I noted that the grooms and stablemen were all engaged in a severely contested game of single wicket, and from the energy with which they bowled, batted and fielded, you would have thought it was a cold day in November. I own that I trembled for my friend's windows. When the cricket was finished, a street organ came upon the scene, and presently played a merry jig. Whereupon two of the stablemen, who had been already playing cricket, set to work and danced with no little skill and surprising vigour as long as the organ played, which was for a considerable time. All this took place on the hottest day of the year, and yet there are people who declare that Englishmen are no longer energetic.

Apocryphos of the revival of *croquet*, the *Academy* remarked the other day with regard to the few verses this game had inspired, and mentioned but two instances which were the work of Frederick Locker and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell. I am inclined to think the lot might be considerably increased, for I fancy the subject was lyrically treated in *Punch* by Shirley Brooks and others, by Mortimer Collins in the *Echoes from the Clubs* and elsewhere, by Savile Clarke, and by a variety of hands in *London Society*. I am very well acquainted with some one who allows me to quote the opening stanza of a somewhat lengthy rhyme on the subject.

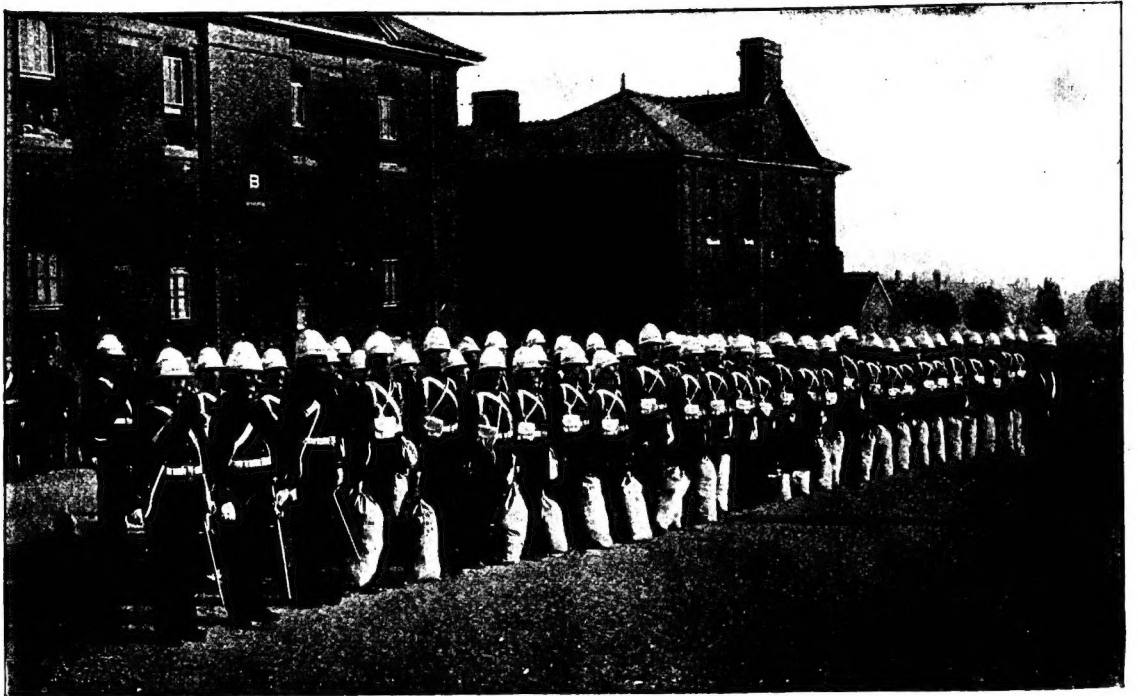
If courtly old Watteau now wielded the palette,
How dainty the pictures his brush would have drawn!
Could he but have seen the sweet Maids of the Mallet
Who flutter and flirt on our velvety lawn!
'Tis down by the Thames where the summer breeze bloweth—
Just serving to shiver the tremulous trees—
Where sleepy reeds bend to the ripple that floweth,
Scarce deigning to nod to the somnolent breeze,
For *croquet*, itself, I have no admiration—
But who, in his senses, could ever refuse
To hammer his toes in a quiet flirtation
With one of those daintily booted *croquetesses*?

Anybody desiring to bring out a volume entitled "*Croquet Canticles*" need have no lack of material. It is a curious fact that since *croquet* was introduced many years ago it has never quite gone out. This is all the more surprising as it is a dull, quarrelsome game and not half so advantageous, even for flirting purposes, as many others.

The iniquity of the laundress is a most painful subject, and one which I have been endeavouring to reform for many years past. Now that *The Daily Graphic* has taken the matter up and has opened its columns to a lively correspondence on the subject, it is to be hoped the long-suffering British public will experience some little relief from the Tyrants of the Tub. It is very difficult to find a real cure for all the trouble and expense that these Autocrats of the Blue Bag compel us to endure. At the present time you can purchase excellent white ties for the price that is charged for washing them: you wear them once and then throw them away. If this principle could be applied to shirts, we could be, to a certain extent, independent of the laundress, and if someone would invent a cheap material for shirts, that would be sufficiently durable for one wearing, he would make his fortune. It must not be forgotten, however, in this discussion, that there are laundresses who are absolutely reliable, who thoroughly understand their business, and have almost converted laundry-work into a fine art.

The proposal to institute another Bank Holiday in October, it is to be hoped, will lead to a thorough revision of the system of Bank Holidays altogether. It has been proved that the universal holiday is a mistake, and every recurrence of that festival emphasizes the fact more distinctly. No one, as I have said before, believes more in holidays than I do. Let us, by all means, have as many of them as we can get, but it is the most terrible mistake that we should all take them at the same time. It is a mistake for the holiday-maker as well as for those who derive pecuniary profit from holidays. There is no reason on earth why half our population should not make merry while the other half mind shop. The machinery of England has become too vast and too complicated to be thrown entirely out of gear just for a holiday. If the closing of shops, the interference with the post, the non-publication of newspapers, and general dislocation of everything which usually takes place on these occasions is to be added to, it will be a very serious matter.

The question of "railway manners" would seem to be universally interesting if I may judge by the large amount of correspondence that reaches me on the subject. The complaints I receive are numerous, and I had no idea that the travelling public behaved so badly as they would appear to do from the various reports that reach me. One correspondent waxed furiously indignant with regard to "the fat man who takes the deepest interest in everything that goes on when you stop at a station," who, I am informed, is "a travelling nuisance." This individual, according to report, altogether forgets there are other people travelling in the same carriage as himself; at any rate, he completely ignores them. "Directly the train stops he spreads himself all over the platform-side of the carriage, he thrusts his fat body through the window, entirely obscuring the view of everybody else and blocking up all the ventilation. And there he frequently remains till the train moves on. Do you know this person?" Do I know him? *Don't* I know him? He is most emphatically a travelling nuisance. Often have I wished to prod him with my umbrella or batter him with my hatbox, and frequently have I longed for the door to fly open and see him precipitated on the platform.



Forty non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps left Aldershot on Thursday by special train for Southampton for conveyance to South Africa. They were under the command of Major Julian.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: THE FIRST DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM ALDERSHOT



A SQUADRON RETURNING TO QUARTERS AFTER A FIELD DAY
ARMY TRAINING AT ALDERSHOT



The annual swimming practice of the horses of the Aldershot Division took place on Saturday in the Caesar's Camp reservoir. In the morning a body of the Royal Engineers arrived with two collapsible boats packed in four sections. The sections were speedily bolted together, and the troopers divested their horses of all trappings, subsequently tying these up in horsecloths. After that eight troopers at a time, with their swords, carbines and accoutrements, crossed the water in each boat, swimming four horses on either side of the boat. Our illustration shows the Carabineers at practice. Our photographs are by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

THE ANNUAL HORSE SWIMMING PRACTICE AT ALDERSHOT

THE GRAPHIC

The Transvaal Crisis

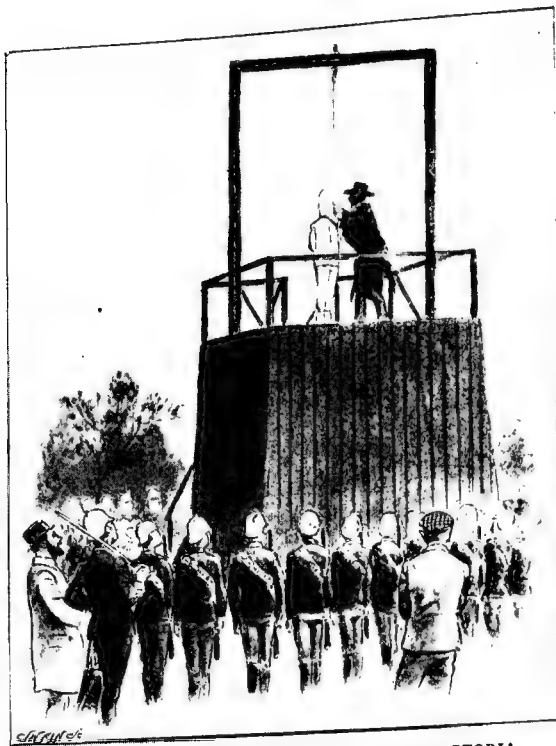
AFTER a long delay the Transvaal Government has replied to Mr. Chamberlain's last despatch. It has notified the British Agent that it adheres to its latest offer, and will make no further concessions. It should be stated that Mr. Chamberlain's despatch did not ask for further concessions, but for a Joint Inquiry to



RAAD MEMBERS LEAVING THE RAAD AT PRETORIA

ascertain whether the proposed concessions were of such a nature as to give the Outlanders substantial and immediate representation. It is said that this delay in replying is to be explained by the discovery made by General Joubert that "not one-tenth of the reserve of shell or cartridges is efficient," and that corruption in high places has been assisted by woeful military ignorance and incompetence on the part of Boer agents in Europe. However that may be, Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at Highbury, Birmingham, plainly stated the position taken by our Government. "The issues of peace and of war," he said, "are in the hands of President Kruger and of his admirers. . . . The sands are running down in the glass. The situation is too fraught with danger; it is too strained for any indefinite postponement. The knot must be loosened, to use Mr. Balfour's words, or else we shall have to find other ways of untangling it, and if we are forced to that . . . and if this delay continues much longer we shall not hold ourselves limited by what we have already offered, but having taken the matter in hand we will not let it go until we have secured conditions which once for all shall establish which is the paramount Power in South Africa, and shall secure for our fellow-subjects there, at all events, equal rights and equal privileges which were promised them by President Kruger when the independence of the Transvaal was granted by the Queen, and which is the least really that in justice ought to be accorded to them."

The accompanying sketches of life in the Transvaal have an additional interest in view of the strained relations now existing between British and Boers. The double sentry at the Presidency at Pretoria is a sign of the times. The sentries are supplied by the State Artillery, the only force in the Transvaal representing a standing army. Another sketch shows the members of the Raad outside the Parliament House, and gives a good idea of the men who hold the fate of the Transvaal in their hands. Pretoria, the capital of the country, shows plainly the effect



AN EXECUTION IN THE GAOL GARDEN AT PRETORIA

of the sudden inrush of wealth. For instance, in 1889 the Parliament House was a little thatched barn, whereas now on its site is one of the handsomest and costliest buildings in South Africa. A prominent building in Johannesburg is the Landrost, where criminal charges are tried. On Mondays there is always a long list of cases, and a correspondingly large crowd of people, white and coloured, outside.

to wear convict dress marked with a conspicuous number, nor are they shaved. Executions are common in Pretoria. The horrible illicit liquor of the Rand sends many a poor black to his doom. It is said that no white man will ever be hanged in the Transvaal. Indeed, laws seem to be principally made for the punishment of blacks. In the garden of the gaol stand the gallows. The State Artillery attend at all executions. Until about three years ago the public could apply to the Landrost for a pass



A KAFFIR HEADMAN COLLECTING TAXES IN PRETORIA

witness an execution, but this has now been stopped. Still the grim spectacle can be witnessed from a cart, as the gaol wall is not very high. But there is never a crowd, as the hanging of a black in Pretoria is too common an event to attract attention. There is no paid executioner, the executions being performed by prisoners of good behaviour, who thus earn their liberty, and are put across the border. At the last public execution the hangman was a very tall man, who wore a mask, and was clothed in a tattered clerical gown. He wore white kid gloves, and after the rope was cut he dropped the gloves into the pit to signify that his hands were clean.

Another sketch needing explanation is that of the Kaffir tax gatherer. Kaffirs living in the vicinity of Pretoria who work in the town are periodically visited by their headman, who collects from them taxes for the chief of the tribe. He is accompanied by a few of his fellow-countrymen to enforce payment.



A CONVICT GANG AT WORK IN THE STREETS OF PRETORIA

A common sight in Pretoria is a convict gang at work in the streets. The prisoners are guarded by a white warder, armed with a revolver and a Kaffir constable with a rifle. The white prisoners are well clothed. They wear good felt hats and flannel shirts, not of uniform pattern. They are not forced, like the black prisoners,

is so intense as to drive out the humidity, and 118 degrees of heat in a pure dry air is not felt so much as a mixture of 90 degrees of heat and 80 per cent of humidity. Although people do not know it, they would be cooler while sitting beside a red-hot stove than they would be in the street on any hot day.

How to ENDURE GREAT HEAT.—How the men employed in iron foundries, steamship boiler rooms, blast furnaces, and other torrid places stand the terrible heat, says *The Golden Penny*, is a mystery to all but the initiated. In the melting room of the Mint the thermometer usually indicates 106 degrees, in gasworks 118 degrees, and in blast furnaces about 115 degrees, while in steamships the firemen have sometimes to endure 140 degrees of heat. In all these places the men wear very little clothing, and undoubtedly suffer from the exposure, but not so much as a person might suppose. The explanation of this fact is that these men are not reached by the humidity. They are working in places where the artificial heat



OUTSIDE THE LANDROST COURT IN JOHANNESBURG ON MONDAY MORNING



DOUBLE SENTRY AT THE PRESIDENCY AT PRETORIA

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: SCENES IN PRETORIA AND JOHANNESBURG
FROM SKETCHES BY H. EGERSDORFER



"The palmed man had rolled himself from the bed to the floor, and with a supreme effort had wormed himself along it till he reached where she stood. With one hand he had stretched forth and laid hold of her dress that he might drag her away from his store."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXIT JOB

WHEN the doctor arrived he gave no hope of permanent improvement. The captain, said he, must be kept quiet; supposing that nothing were allowed to agitate him, he might in part recover his faculties, but this was rather to be desired than to be anticipated.

Mrs. Jose carried off Winefred. It was advisable that the girl should not be in the house, and Jack and Mrs. Marley undertook to sit up with the patient during the night, taking their watches alternately; Jack to take the first part.

Between twelve and one the young man roused Mrs. Marley and retired to bed. His father was in much the same condition, apparently; he had remained perfectly quiet, and had slept.

Jane left her bed on being summoned. She had not taken off her clothes. She found the fire made up and the kettle on the boil at the side. Jack had been sitting before the gate, and had made some grog, sufficient to moisten his throat, and to help him to spend the hours, but he had taken a moderate amount only.

Jane seated herself near the sick-bed and took her knitting. The captain's eyes were closed, not shut, and she could see the glitter of the eyeballs under the lashes; but whether he slept imperfectly, or whether he was half-awake and was observing her, she could not decide.

There is no occupation like knitting for breeding thought. A man smokes to encourage concentration of his mental faculties; but a woman, when she knits, diffuses her thoughts, they spread like the antennae of a sea anemone in all directions, and lay hold of anything that drifts by in the current of memory, to draw it in, twist it, distort it, magnify it, take it into the innermost receptacles, and there suffer indigestion from it, often in the acutest form.

As Jane worked with nimble fingers her mind was busy, busy mainly over Job's accumulations.

Not for an instant did she question the suggestion that they were acquired by defrauding her father and brother, nor did she doubt that her brother's death had been procured by the man now lying powerless in her presence. She had not inquired of others whether what Dench had thrown out was an opinion generally entertained, whether it had any foundation whatever. She accepted the assumption as a self-evident fact, and started from it.

Jane Marley was in no little degree concerned about her own future and that of her child. The captain would not last many days, and she would then have to leave the Undercliff, as the house would pass to Jack. It was a freehold, acquired originally by squatting on the land a generation ago.

To be on the trudge again was not a prospect Jane relished. It was true that Mrs. Jose had offered to take her and Winefred in—but that was not intended to be for a permanency, only whilst the maid was recovering from white swelling. Moreover, Jane knew

so much of herself as to be aware that by temper she was unqualified to live as one of an establishment with other servants. Indeed, the mistress who did not fall out speedily with Jane must be of a peculiarly forbearing temper. Jane was wilful, unyielding, and passionate. She knew it.

Whither, then, was she to go? What was she to do? Her husband had been in the neighbourhood, but had not visited her, and had vanished again, after seeing and speaking to his child. She could not build on the hope of obtaining assistance from him, even had not her pride revolted against the thought of soliciting it.

In a day or two she would have to make up her bundle and leave; then Jack Rattenbury would take up his residence there. The house would be his own, with all the money it contained; and he would take his ease, rattle the coin in his pocket, fling it about, and be what his father intended—a gentleman.

It is a hard thing for one who has land and home, an income and kindred, to enter into the feeling of desolation and hopelessness that possesses the heart of one who is absolutely adrift in life, without a single attachment, without a single point in the outlook on which to fix the eye and to which aim.

Jane Marley's life had been broken at an early period—made purposeless by no fault of her own. If she staggered, it was not that her head was light, but that the ground gave way under her feet.

When young, when possessed of the elasticity of youth to carry

"We will let the fire out," said Oliver. "I will go up the chimney and examine that."

But when this also proved fruitless, "I wonder," said the ferryman, "whether he stuffed that violin of his with banknotes. A hundred-pound note don't take up a terrible space."

Again he encountered disappointment.

"We will rip open each pillow and mattress," said Dench. "I've heard of large fortunes being secreted thus, and that is just where no preventive men would look for kegs."

He unpicked a seam, thrust in his hand, and groped through the feathers of pillows and the wool of flock mattresses. Had there been a guinea secreted in either he would have fingered it. But there was nothing of that sort—dust only, and that not of gold.

Oliver was puzzled, angry, disheartened.

"Can it be anywhere outside the house?" he asked. "Jack, tomorrow with the daylight we will give up hours to the search and leave not a stone unturned, not a bush unexamined. I'm darned, but it is somewhere."

With a hard, unmoved face, Jane Marley had watched and attended on the two men.

She had been with Mrs. Jose to Bindon, helping to carry back the articles lent from the farm for the funeral feast. As she had neared the house Mrs. Jose had said to her, "Jane, Winefred has got a valuable watch, worth forty guineas, I should say, and she tells me a strange tale about it—that she has met and talked with her father, who gave it to her."

"Yes, it was so."

"But, Jane, what does he mean by it? Is he going to recognise her?"

"Not immediately. She must be educated. But she is to be brought up to be a lady."

"A lady! And he will supply the money needful?"

"The money I have. I am to have more as I require it. I shall give up peddling."

"I am glad. He has behaved very badly. I am glad that he sees the error of his ways, and will make amends to you and to her. It is a step in the right direction."

"A step! Yes," Jane considered. "Yes, it is a step."

"A first step, the rest will follow."

"Yes, others will follow."

"They must."

Jane had said no more. Nor did Mrs. Jose till the door of Bindon was reached. There the farmer's wife had said, "I do not know the rights of the story, and this is not the time for it to be told. But what about the name? Is Winefred still to be Marley?"

"Winefred is to be no more called Marley, but is to bear her father's name, Holwood."

"And you?"

"Oh! I am nothing. I matter naught. I have been known as Marley. I am going down, but Winefred is beginning. That makes the difference;" and as Jane walked in the darkness back to the Undercliff she said to herself, "It is done. I cannot draw back now. I have taken the first step. But Winefred shall be a lady."

(To be continued)

Mr. F. W. Lawson's "Cry for Peace"

You can no more summon Peace, said Victor Hugo, in his celebrated peroration, than you can order Sunrise. Peace is not so much the practice of the virtues, as the consequence of cessation from those acts of war, rapine, and vice, from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, that arouse angry passions and sow discord and distrust. Peace, in short, is not so much a state as a resultant.

With less philosophical restraint, but with more poetic yearning, Mr. F. Wilfrid Lawson has imagined in the large composition, now



DRAWN BY S. A. H. ROBINSON

FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT

At a garden party given at the British Legation in Peking, by Sir Robert Hart, there was a beautiful display of fireworks. From the stands shown on the left pagodas made of delicately coloured paper and illuminated inside dropped one after the other, one of them eventually showing a long trail of wisteria with its thick clusters of blue flowers. Another curious and very picturesque effect was a bamboo-grove of fire, which covered one of the lawns

A GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY SIR ROBERT HART AT PEKING

being exhibited at the Doré Gallery, rather an apotheosis, or a celebration, than the very "cry" for peace. He appears to have been inspired by Thomson's lines:

Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports.

Mr. Lawson has exhibited remarkable courage—as remarkable as we ever saw displayed—in building up and embroidering his plan. Such is the elaboration of this design that we have nude female winged angels typifying Peace, Justice, and Mercy, hovering over an altar, and around a vast number of historical characters—men and women of the present century. Some of these are merely types; others again are distinct personalities—suggesting individualities significative of principles. Mr. Lawson has not chosen to be bound by the cast-iron rules of the purist, but, in the broad manner in which he has treated his subject, he has gone straight for the heart of the people, and has shown how the most delicate symbolism, as conveyed in flowers and cornfield, and the most delicate allusions presented in the accessory figures and objects arranged about certain personages, may co-exist in a didactic canvas along with the most obvious and material reference and the most emphatic "statement." It may, perhaps, sound strange to the reader to hear that within

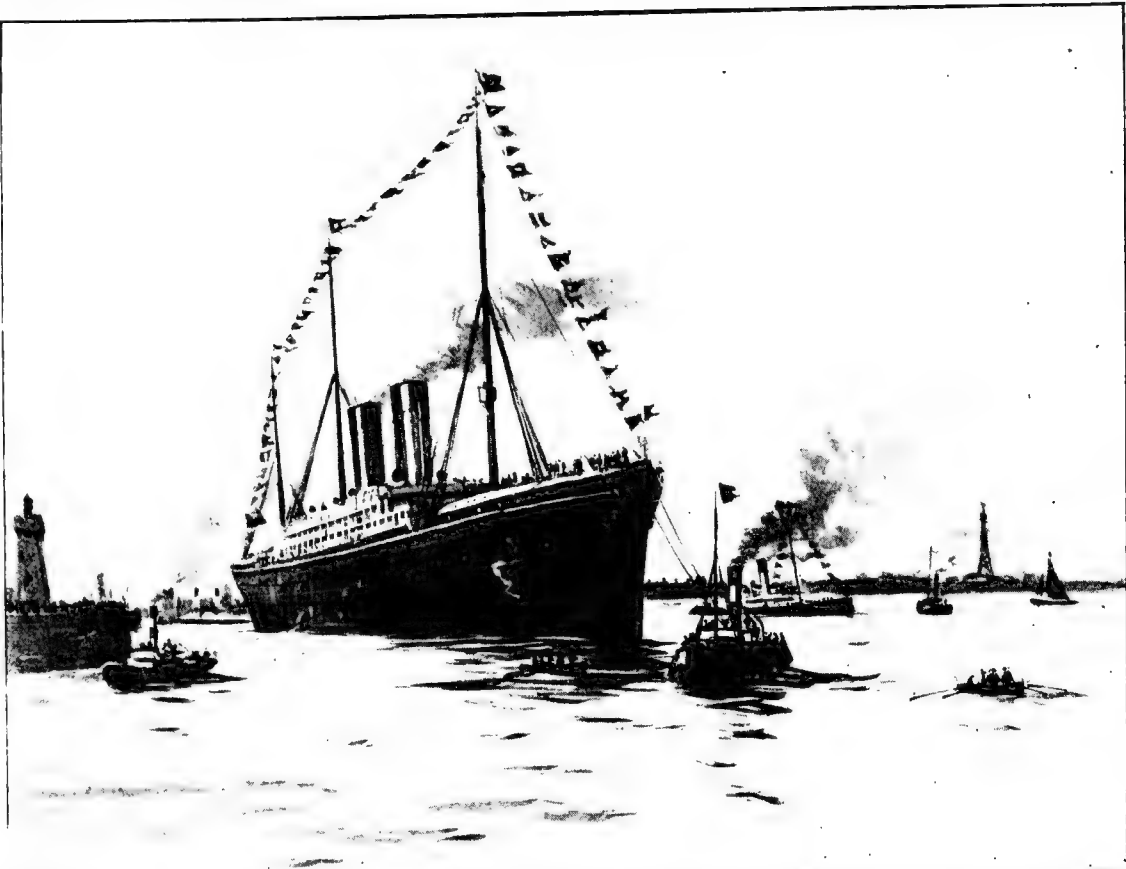
the compass of this one picture he may find angels and cherubs, Lord Kitchener and Dr. Adler, Young Africa, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the personifications of the various countries, the cleverly imagined type of the frightful dynamiter, Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Henry Irving, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Frederick Bridge, the nations now in keenest controversy, Cardinal Vaughan, Her Majesty the Queen upon her rock-based throne, and all the chief rulers of European States, even including the President of the Swiss Republic, with the Antarctic explorers and electricians, the Princess Louise, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Red Cross Sister succouring one who bears close resemblance to "The Man of Sorrows." But in these strongly contrasted figures and ideas—which we have purposely enumerated in this *mélange*, in order the better to accentuate the vigorous originality of Mr. Lawson's handling of the subject—is to be found a chief element of interest, and the public will certainly find a lively delight in following up the painter's reasoning, and in tracing the development of his great scheme. They will quickly identify the skilful portraits—for Mr. Lawson has an extraordinary knack for likeness—and they will recognise in the forts and castle-crowned heights beyond, and in the ironclads that ride at anchor, the artist's reminder that in preparedness for war rests the best assurance of peace. It seems to us that in this sound expression of practical statesmanship Mr. Lawson rather weakens the picture's moral—which is, we take it, that Peace springs from Universal Love and Refinement, independent of all element of fear, passion, or reserved force. But we are comforted by the allegorical groups, by the symbolic character of type and of flower, and by the more insistent exhortations to virtue which are to be found in the painted inscriptions here and there displayed.

The picture, in short, is not merely a lay sermon, but a volume of such sermons, and holds the spectator by its infinite variety of suggestions, the sincerity of its appeals, and its shrewdly imagined arrangement of a very noble subject. Our reproduction represents the merest fragment—a tiny group from among scores of figures—to which, in the Red Cross Sister, personifying Charity and Love, we have already referred.

A Bridge Two Miles Long

THE bridge, of which we give a representation, is in course of construction on a new line of railway, forming a part of the East Indian Railway, that will connect Benares with Gya, both places of great sanctity to the Hindoos. The bridge is to cross the Sone River an affluent of the Ganges, coming from Central India, and joining the Ganges near Patna. The Sone is crossed at Dehri near the site of a weir which feeds important irrigation works, and a little below the crossing of the Grand Trunk Road, which used to be the great line of communication between Calcutta and the Upper Provinces before the East Indian Railway was opened.

The river at this point is nearly two miles across, and though its bed is filled during floods in the rainy season, the stream during the remainder of the year is relatively very small. The river bed is formed of sand, in which the piers of the bridge had to be sunk to a depth which is generally about 40 ft. below the water level, while the road level is about 40 ft. above the water level. There are ninety-four piers, with openings of 100 ft. in the clear, making the whole distance between the end piers as nearly as possible two miles, which would be equal to the distance from the Marble Arch to Lincoln's Inn. The small photographs show the work of construction in various stages. The work, though carried out under European supervision, is wholly executed by native workmen. The stone for the piers is obtained from quarries in the neighbourhood, the ironwork was all manufactured in England, and put together on the site of the bridge. The estimated cost of the bridge is about 250,000l.

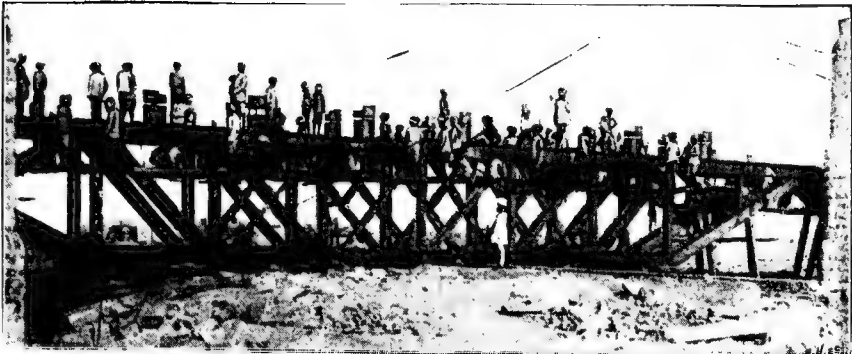


THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD BEING DOCKED AT LIVERPOOL

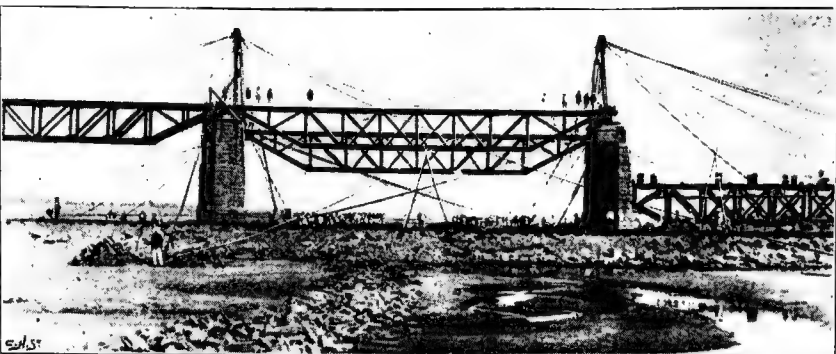
The new White Star liner *Oceanic*, which was launched at Belfast last January, arrived in the Mersey on Saturday. The great vessel, which was gaily decorated from stem to stern, was safely docked in Canada Quay Dock, where she will be painted. The dimensions of the *Oceanic*, which is the largest vessel afloat, are: Length, 704 ft.; breadth, 68 ft. 4 in.; depth, 49 ft.; displacement, 18,000 tons. It is interesting to compare these figures with those of the *Great Eastern*, which was 680 ft. long, and had a displacement of 13,844 tons



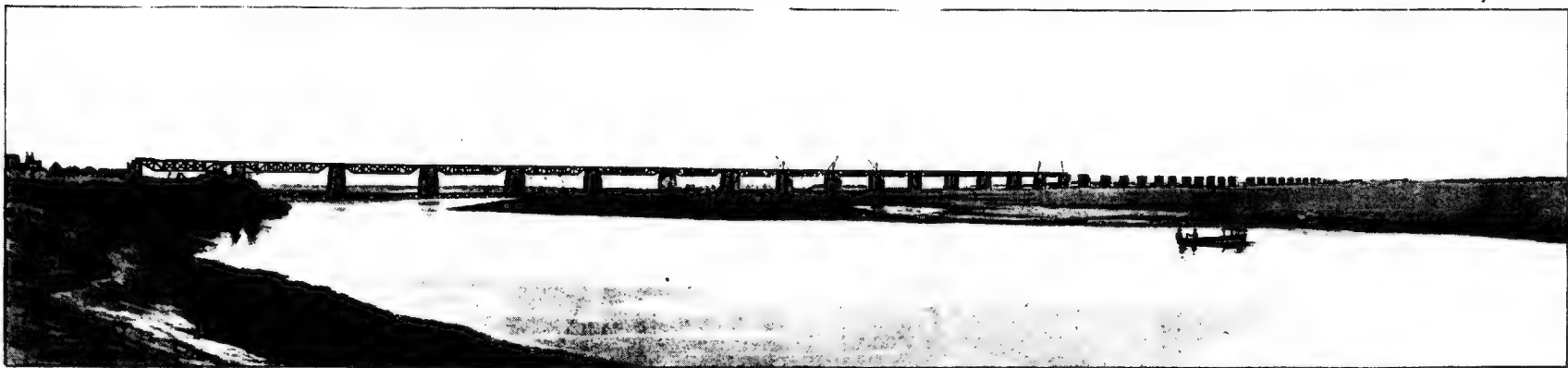
A FRAGMENT FROM MR. F. W. LAWSON'S PICTURE, "THE CRY FOR PEACE"
NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN THE DORÉ GALLERY



RIVETTING UP THE GIRDERS



HOISTING SPAN NO. 8



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER SONE NEAR DELHI
RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN INDIA: MAKING A BRIDGE TWO MILES LONG



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

The Cyclist Corps in the Austro-Hungarian army has become a very efficient item. Lately the men have been equipped with folding cycles. These machines are smaller than ordinary cycles, and weigh about 28 lbs. When folded they can be carried on the back with no more inconvenience than that caused by the ordinary

military knapsack. The men can fire with comfort while they are carrying their cycles. When riding the machines the men fasten their rifles to the fork, the points just reaching below the hubs of the wheels on the left side

PORTABLE CYCLES IN THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARMY

THE GRAPHIC

318



M. GOBERT

The Writing Expert from the Bank of France

The Dreyfus Case

THE Dreyfus case drags its slow length along. Day after day an apparently interminable succession of cranks, fools, cowards, liars and bullies, with an occasional honest man among them, mounts the platform and pours forth words more or less relevant to the case in point—torrents of words, in voluble, excitable French—words full of sound and fury, signifying, mainly, nothing.

A Crank and His System

The typical Dreyfus crank appeared during the past week in the person of M. Bertillon, the "expert," who had woven a spider-like web of squares and triangles and strange geometric and necromantic figures, wherein to enmesh Dreyfus; a "system" with "gabaritic master words," and "imbrications of a millimètre and a quarter"—a weird sort of *abracadabra*, which, in the old days, would have tended to the hanging, not of Dreyfus, but of Bertillon himself. The scene in court during Bertillon's deposition was, as one of the eye-witnesses said, like one of the old witch trials of the seventeenth century. "In a low but firm and rapid voice he began to expound. Presently, warming to his work, he leaped upon his portfolio, tore it open, and dashed at the President with a framed photograph. He darted from judge to judge; the Government commissary and the registrar and the counsel gathered round. Then, suddenly, with a wild whoop, he burst out of the throng, waving the frame round and round his head, like a tomahawk. "Five millimètres reticulation," he yelled in triumph; "12.5 centimètres gabarit and a millimètre and a quarter imbrication! Always you find it—always—always!"

Among the other experts—but a man very different from Bertillon—was M. Gobert, the expert to the Bank of France, who expressed his conviction that the writing of the *bordereau* was natural writing, and who came into conflict with General Gonse on the question of the *bordereau* and the relations of the Bank of France with the officers of the First Bureau. Dreyfus, whose demeanour is very much changed since the early days of the trial, being bolder and firmer and more assertive of his rights, denied ever having been to the bank at all. On the whole, therefore, Gonse did not come out well, and the tactics of the Generals received another check. The return of Maître Labori to the Court after his recovery had led to an incident which was the subject of some comment at the time—the greeting between him and Mercier; but it soon became apparent that the Generals would have to do their best—or worst—under the keen counter-attack of the famous advocate.

Captain Freystaetter Throws Down the Gauntlet

The culminating point of interest in the proceedings of the past few days was reached when Captain Freystaetter was called. He was one of the judges at the original court-martial in 1894, and he was now confronted with Colonel Maurel, who was the president at that trial. Freystaetter now deposed that his belief in the prisoner's guilt was due to the evidence of the experts and of Major Henry and Major du Paty de Clam. It was strengthened by the reading of the secret documents which were communicated to them in the judges' room. The secret *dossier* contained (1) a biographical *dossier* imputing to Dreyfus acts of treason

committed at the Gunnery School at Bourges, at the Military College, and while he was at the Headquarters Staff; (2) the document known by the name of "Ce canaille de D—"; (3) a letter which by showing the resemblance in handwriting proved the genuineness of the document "Ce canaille de D—," and which was known as the Davignon letter; (4) a telegram from a foreign military attaché which positively asserted the prisoner's guilt. "This telegram, if I remember rightly," continued Captain Freystaetter, "was in the following terms: 'Dreyfus arrested; emissary warned.'"

A Scene in Court

Forthwith Maurel and Mercier rose and demanded to be heard. Maurel spoke first. "I have only one word to say," he exclaimed. "The other day Maître Labori drew me from the grounds of argument to that of the secret deliberations. I replied: 'I only read one document.' I did not say that only one document was read. I did not go further than that, as I did not wish to violate the secret of the judges' deliberations. In answer to questions of counsel for the defence, which might have led me to say more than I wished, I said, 'I only read one document.' After reading that document I handed the *dossier* to the clerk, remarking, 'I am tired.'"

Maître Labori requested the President to ask Colonel Maurel whether he confirmed the explanations given by Captain Freystaetter, and whether he confirmed what the latter had said in regard to him. Colonel Maurel said, "I reply in all frankness and in all truth. I only listened to the reading of the documents in a very absent-minded way. It was not interesting. That is all, Monsieur le Président; I remember nothing else." Freystaetter then stated that he had not only seen these documents, but that Colonel Maurel had them in his hands. And, further, that Maurel made a comment on each document. Colonel Maurel protested against the word "comment," and pale with anger went on to say: "I could not act in the matter as Captain Freystaetter asserts. I was too conscious of my duty to allow myself to influence in any way whatsoever the judges, whose President I was, and if what Captain Freystaetter has just said of me had been done in my presence, if the President had attempted to exercise pressure on me, a judge; if he had attempted to influence me, notwithstanding his age, notwithstanding his rank, notwithstanding his office, I should have reminded him of his duty. I should not have waited five years before coming forward to provoke a scene in open Court. I have finished. I will say no more in reply to Captain Freystaetter."

"Caught in the Act of Lying"

Maître Labori then invited General Mercier to furnish some explanation, and the General asked Freystaetter what was referred to in the note to which he had alluded. "It referred to a shell," said Freystaetter. "Very well," said Mercier, "Captain Freystaetter is caught in the very act of lying, for the Robin shell was only adopted by Germany in 1895 and we were not informed of the treachery until 1896." Freystaetter adhered to his statement that a shell was mentioned in the comments which were submitted to the judges in 1894. Mercier, then, referring to the telegram of November 2, maintained that it was not communicated to the Court in 1894, whereupon Freystaetter said that he was sure he saw it. Maître Labori, rising, said that in view of the scene which had just occurred he insisted that the condition of the health of Colonel Du Paty de Clam should be examined by well-known doctors, General Mercier having already stated that the packet containing the secret documents was prepared by Du Paty de Clam. To this Mercier replied that he had said that he had learned from General Boisdeffre that the packet had been delivered by Du Paty de Clam, and that he had said that it was Colonel Sandherr who had prepared it. "Always the dead!" exclaimed Labori, "Colonel Sandherr is dead, Colonel Henry is dead, and it is their testimony that is constantly cited." And so ended one of the most



GENERAL GONSE

Late Deputy-Chief of the General Staff

exciting scenes of the Dreyfus drama. Mercier, who had the day before said that he assumed the moral responsibility of communicating the secret *dossier* to the court-martial of 1894, now quibbling and giving the lie direct; Maurel, trembling beneath the fierce ordeal of confrontation with one of his fellow-judges of 1894; and Freystaetter, calm under insult, holding to convictions which all who have followed the course of the trial believe to be true and sincere—these have done much to turn public opinion in the favour of Captain Dreyfus.

M. de Freycinet Knows Nothing About the Dreyfus Defence Fund

M. de Freycinet, ex-Minister of War, has given his testimony, such as it is, to the Court. He said he had had a conversation with General Jamont as to the funds supplied abroad for the defence of Dreyfus, but that of himself he knew nothing definite on the subject beyond what the French agents abroad had reported. What had struck him most in the conversation was the identity of their anxiety as to the Army. M. de Freycinet concluded his evidence by an appeal to all to "cease throwing in one another's faces those accusations which distressed us in the eyes of our rivals. Gentlemen, let us prepare, and I would that my feeble voice were heard by all—let us prepare to accept your judgment with respect and in silence. May the judgment of this French Court, towards which the whole world has its eyes turned, open the era of reconciliation which is so necessary."

It was an impressive appeal, no doubt. But it made no mention of the man who had suffered most under the accusation which had brought discredit upon the Army and upon France. Those who expected much from the "White Mouse" were disappointed, but others who knew M. de Freycinet knew that the wily old politician would never say a direct "Yes" or "No" to any question if he could wriggle out of it. And he did wriggle out of it in his best style.

THE SIEGE OF "FORT CHABROL"

M. GUÉRIN still holds out in his "fort." His stronghold has been isolated and disinfected with phenic acid, its water supply has long been cut off, the roofs all around have been occupied by firemen, gendarmes, and detectives, but still Guérin holds the fort. And now, which is probably for him the most unkindest cut of all, Paris is beginning to get tired of him. This being so, his surrender must be imminent. Recently he hung out a black flag—the flag of death—but it was only because one of the garrison was ill. The want of water has driven the besieged to make a hole in the foundations of their building with a view to tapping the supply pipe of their neighbours, but the noise they made betrayed them. The cellar next door was occupied by the besiegers and the garrison have blocked the opening for fear of an entry being made through it. The Rue de Chabrol continues to be blocked at both ends by troops in full marching order. Guérin's last state will be worse than his first, for the firing of his revolver and the pointing of a carbine at the police are things which cannot be overlooked by the long-suffering Government which he has defied so successfully and so comically. The Fort Chabrol must soon surrender, and it is hoped that this may happen without any change of scene from comedy into tragedy.



Each day the documents known as the secret *dossier* were brought into Court in a large basket by two soldiers in charge of a corporal, and at the close of each sitting it is taken away again with the same ceremonial

THE DREYFUS TRIAL: BRINGING THE SECRET *DOSSIER* INTO COURT

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Paul Renouard

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

WASHINGTON IRVING gave to the world the account of the man who pined away imperceptibly to such an extent that when he died there was nothing left of him to bury. The accusations against Captain Dreyfus have so strangely faded since the court-martial was commenced at Rennes, that, to-day, it is no longer the question whether he is a traitor or is not, but whether there has been a traitor at all. There is no proof whatever before the Court that any information has been treacherously conveyed to a foreign Government.

It is impossible to say what are the duties of a Military Attaché, for it is probable that the services which these officials are expected to render vary according to the character of the individuals themselves. A high-charactered Military Attaché would not stoop to obtain intelligence in an unbecoming manner, whilst a less scrupulous one would act differently. There is no doubt, however, that much of the information collected by the ordinary Military Attaché is not of any considerable value, and that most of it becomes public property in the ordinary course of events. The time is rapidly approaching when the whole system of diplomatic appointments will have to be revised, with the double object of obtaining the most efficient work whilst curtailing unnecessary expense.

The Dreyfus case is the most powerful irritant of modern times. It is no exaggeration to declare that it has created a more bitter feeling against France throughout the world than any other circumstance in history, not omitting the French Revolution and the rapacity of Napoleon I. The English, American, German, Italian, and even Russian newspapers give voice to the irritation which is generally felt. That, of course, is regrettable from all points of view, but it is the more so on the eve of the great International Exhibition which is to be held in Paris, for it must gravely affect the success of that undertaking. Besides, which is much more important, the bad blood which has been engendered may lead indirectly to serious consequences.

Whether next year is the closing one of the century or whether it commences another century does not very much matter; it is sufficient for the purpose that five months from this we have to write 1900 instead of 1899, and that the era will be out of its teens. The occasion should be celebrated with becoming observances, and one of the most desirable would be to cleanse London, a city which has never been washed since the Christian Era commenced. "Would you wash London?" should be an excellent "silly season subject," and it is strongly recommended to editors at this moment when news is scarce.

When is a cabman not a cabman? is a question which has now been answered by a magistrate. It appears that when a man places his luggage inside a cab, and does not travel by it himself, he transforms the cabman into a carrier, and the contract as to fares is not regulated on the ordinary scale. That seems to be somewhat illogical, but law and logic seldom travel together. It is in the experience of most that a cabman can refuse to carry a letter, and in many instances he will attempt to exact an increased fare for doing that.

This brings one to another subject which might be dealt with in the twentieth century. Is there any insuperable obstacle which prevents a London four-wheeled cab from being commonly comfortable and clean? As it is, it is merely a roughly made box put upon wheels. A London four-wheeled cab must pay its cost several times in the year. Surely the authorities at Scotland Yard could refuse to grant a licence to such rough and incommodious hackney carriages?

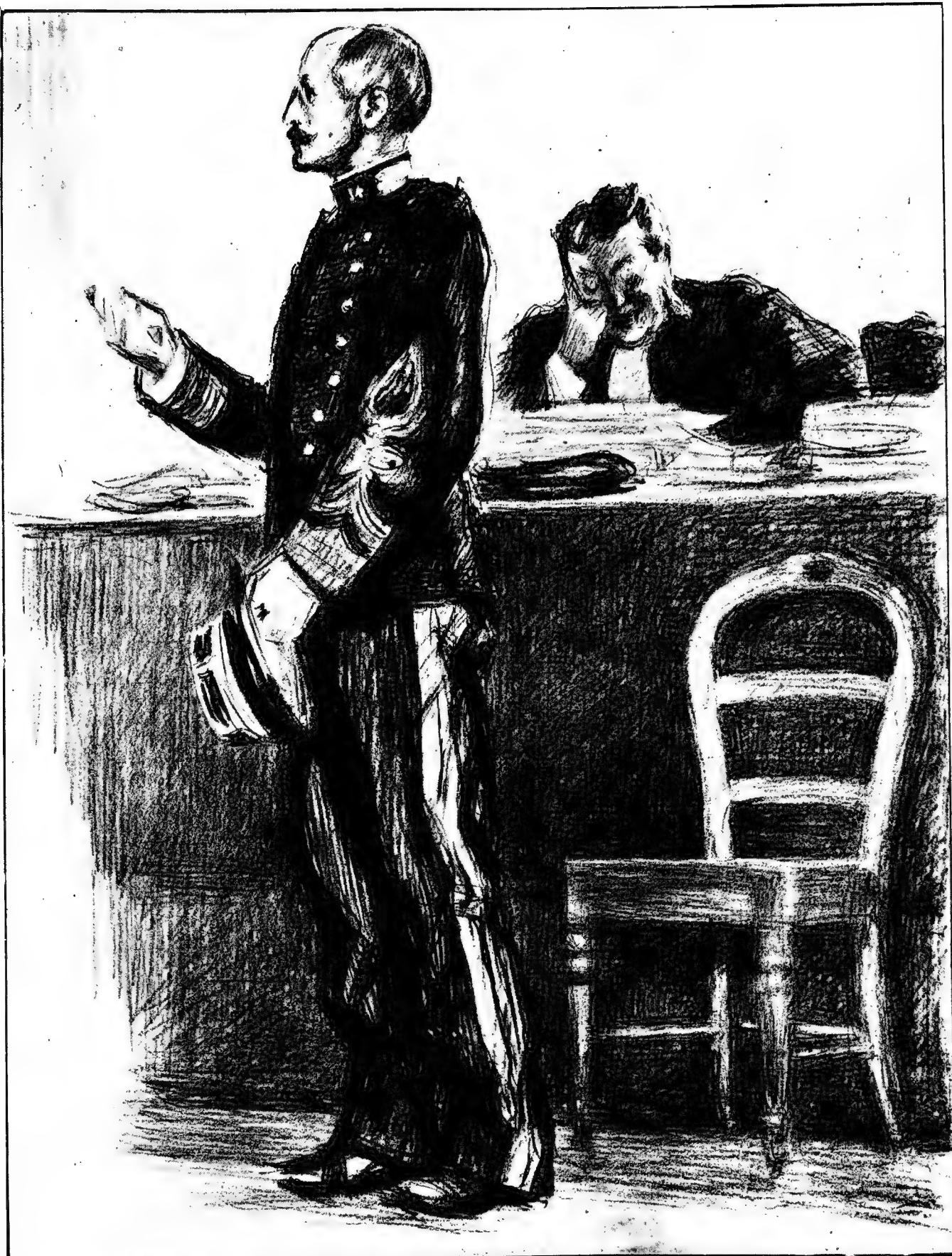
Cricket of the Year

At the end of the season the most impressive recollection of it is that the Australians for the second time in the history of the game have beaten the old country on her own wickets. It is more than likely, however, that in the history of the game this feature of the cricket of 1899 will be regarded as insignificant beside the year's more important claim of being the best for batsmen and the worst for bowlers that has ever been known. Major Poore's average is itself a record for a batsman who has scored over 1,000 runs in the season. The number of batsmen who have made over 1,000 runs in the year is another record; so is the number of those who have reached 2,000; while Ranjitsinhji's 3,000 runs is a feat that, even with the ever-improving wickets, our climate is not likely to permit to recur for many years to come. By contrast it has been a deplorable year for bowlers. If one looks at the old first-class averages, in those splendid batting years, for instance, of 1871 and 1873, when W. G. Grace topped the batting lists with figures of 2,739 runs with an average of 78, and 2,139 runs with an average of 71—one finds that the bowlers did not do so badly in spite of the batsmen's success. In 1871, for instance, the most successful bowler had an average of no more than 11, and there were ten bowlers (including W. G.) with averages below 17. In

1873 similarly, one bowler had an average of only 8, while sixteen were below 18, and 9 (including three bowlers taking over 100 wickets) were below 14. In this year the number of bowlers with averages below 18 can be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. The unbroken summer and the "modern wicket" have had a good deal, no doubt, to do with these figures, but what has had more to do with it has been the temporary falling off in English bowling. Excluding Trott, the Australian, part of whose success has been due to the fact that the M.C.C. has played him in a number of M.C.C. matches of no importance, the only bowler of the highest class which England possesses is Rhodes. As he is a slow bowler the hard wickets, though they pay the highest compliment to the success which he has achieved, have not been favourable to the display of his ability. J. T. Hearne has gone off to an extent which would surprise one more but for the reflection that bowlers who play cricket at home during the summer and abroad during the winter cannot be expected to last for ever. A similar reflection is awakened by the deterioration of Richardson. The deterioration is the greater pity in Richardson's case because, whereas nobody would think of comparing J. T. Hearne with Lohmann, yet Tom Richardson, by virtue of his remarkable physical endowment, seemed likely to occupy almost as classic a place in the annals of cricket as the great Surrey bowler who preceded him. Of the other English bowlers of the season, the older ones showed signs of wear and tear, and no new ones have made a reputation. Lockwood bowled finely, but could not last; Young began well, but found the hard wickets too much for him.

One team of cricketers the weather and the wickets combined to display to admirable advantage. That team we need hardly say was the Australians. It is not at all easy to define their merits this

year. They had exactly the conditions which were most suited to their style of play. One would say, in fact, that they had more hard wickets to play upon than they would be likely to meet with in an average Australian summer. With these favourable conditions they once beat England, and they were never beaten by a representative team. Their victory at Lord's was gained when they were at the top of their form and had their full team, but it was gained without any advantage of luck. The three subsequent matches in which they had the worst of the draws, whatever luck they had was the luck of being able to save the game; in two of the matches they certainly had not their best team playing, and one is inclined to believe that latterly they grew rather stale. Taking them at their best, and giving them a good wicket to play upon and a fair share of the luck, one cannot fairly say that there was a team in England to beat them. The result of Test matches played under the conditions enumerated in the foregoing sentence would very likely have turned on the winning of the toss. They had no batsman as good as Hayward or Ranjitsinhji; it is doubtful if they had any better than C. L. Townsend or F. S. Jackson. Clement Hill, as a matter of personal opinion, is the only batsman who in this season's form can compare with any of these four, though we believe that Darling, when in a position of less responsibility than captain, would have the right to rank among them. But what did make the Australians such a desperately hard team to beat was the evenness and stubbornness of the batting through nine members of the eleven. No team ever felt safe against them when seven Australian wickets were down. They had some indomitable bowlers; in fact, there have been few teams in which the bowling has been put in at such little cost to the batting, but a team of such consistent run-getters has never been on tour before.



It has been remarked that the attitude of Captain Dreyfus in court has changed considerably as the trial has advanced. At first he merely protested violently against the attacks of the General Staff officers, in the tones of a crushed and broken man, but now he is more courageous. The words of General Roget, "A man who is innocent now he is more answer," have borne fruit, and Captain Dreyfus, with a

courage begotten perhaps during Maître Labori's enforced absence, rarely misses a point. When asked if he has anything to say, he is now often on his legs at once quietly arguing the matter with a witness, and you no longer hear repeatedly the plaintive protests of innocence.

THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS AT RENNES: A CHANGE OF TACTICS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOUARD



AFTER A DAY'S SPORT: EXAMINING THE CATCHES IN A COMPETITION AT A LONDON ANGLING CLUB

DRAWN BY W. BATHERELL, R.I.

Our Portraits

GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V.C., who has been since the spring of last year Quartermaster-General at Headquarters, has been appointed to succeed Sir Thomas Biddulph as Governor of Gibraltar. He has seen some forty-six years' service in the Army. He was born in 1835, and joined the 27th (Inniskillings) in 1853, and served with that regiment through the Indian Mutiny Campaign. In the Afghan War of 1879-80 he served with the 92nd Highlanders, and greatly distinguished himself. More than once he was mentioned for conspicuous bravery, and the Victoria Cross, which was awarded to him, was thoroughly deserved. He next served in the Nile Expedition in 1885 as an A.A. and Q.M.G.; and in the same year commanded a brigade in the campaign in Burmah. In the following year he commanded the Burmah Field Force, and in 1890 was appointed to the command of the Zhoib Field Force. From 1889 to 1893 he held the Bengal command, and in the latter year was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, in succession to Lord Roberts. He was created C.B. in 1881, K.C.B. in 1886, K.C.I.E. in 1890, G.C.I.E. in 1893, and G.C.B. in 1897. Our portrait is by Window and Grove, Baker Street.



THE LATE MR. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE
Of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons



GENERAL SIR G. S. WHITE, V.C.
New Governor of Gibraltar



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KLOBB
Killed in French Soudan

The Complete Sunday Angler

AMONG the many pastimes which are as alluring to those who practise them as they are incomprehensible to those who do not, "bottom fishing" takes a high place. It is not that the sport lacks science—roach-fishing, as any novice giving his attention to it will speedily find out for himself, demands not only an education in itself, but can only be mastered by those having natural gifts for it—but the results of it seemed so disproportionate to the amount of time and perseverance spent upon it. The fascination lies, however, not in the amount of the catch, though competition lends excitement to the smallest triumph, but in the peaceful, soothing associations which

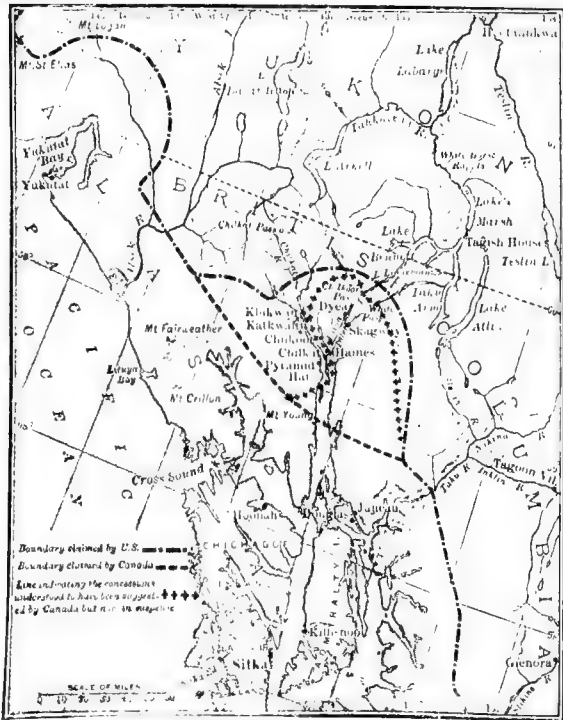
cling to the sport. There is more sport to be found in coarse fishing than the unpractised would believe, or than the fly fisher could be brought to admit, a fact which is proved by the number of clubs associated for it all over the kingdom, and especially in London. London especially has a number of coarse fish angling clubs, with a membership of many hundreds, even thousands. A day out with one of these clubs is full of interest even for the spectator, especially if it should chance to be a day when one of the big competitions, say at Pulborough or Amberley on the Arun or Royston on the Lea is being decided. Sometimes the line of competitions winds for three miles along the river, with every variety of competitor diversifying the rural landscape and every variety of bait and equipment diversifying the angler. Only the competitor himself, however, can properly appreciate the preliminaries and anticipations of such a day. These, indeed, may prove more exciting than the sport itself, for no angler would consider himself worthy the name unless he had his own manner for mixing ground bait, and his own particular paste. The competition ends at dusk, and then comes the interesting task of weighing-in, conducted by some twenty stewards. The first prize will be generally carried off with about seven pounds of roach and bream. The "wooden spoon," for which the number and keenness of competitors is by no means insignificant, will generally be won by a "bag" consisting of a single fish, weighing half an ounce.

Mr. Edmund Routledge, a member of the well-known publishing firm of George Routledge and Sons, was found dead in his bed at his chambers in Queen Anne's Mansions on Friday last week. Mr. Edmund Routledge was the second son of the late Mr. George Routledge, the founder of the firm, and was born in 1843. At the age of sixteen he entered the business house of his father, which was then known as Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. Mr. Routledge sat in the first and second London County Councils as an Alderman on the Progressive side. He was formerly an enthusiastic Gladstonian, and as such stood for Parliament in North Kensington in 1886, for North Kensington at a by-election in 1887, and for the Ayr Burghs at a by-election in 1890, but was on each occasion unsuccessful. Recently he gave up his belief in Home Rule and became a Liberal Unionist. Mr. Routledge will be missed in theatrical circles. He was a great theatre-goer, and rarely missed a first night; and he numbered many friends among our prominent actors. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Lieutenant-Colonel Klobb, who with Lieutenant Meunier was assassinated at Zimber, near Domangar, in French Soudan, on July 14, as stated in *The Graphic* last week, was born in 1857. He attained his rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on August 9 last year, and was on the General Staff of the Governor-General of French Soudan. He was regarded as a very capable officer, and had been decorated with the Legion of Honour. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether Colonel Klobb and Lieutenant Meunier were fired upon by order of Captain Voulet, into whose conduct Colonel Klobb was sent to inquire. But there seems to be some foundation for the story to judge by a letter from Captain Voulet found on Colonel Klobb's body. The letter ran as follows:—"What new infamy is this? Is the fruit of our efforts to be taken from us for the benefit of others? Are we then the first to have acted as we have done? Let us pursue our own path. Woe to him who shall attempt to raise obstacles, for we have 600 rifles with which to enforce respect!" Our portrait is by Penabert.

The Alaskan Boundary Question

THE Alaskan Boundary Question undoubtedly reached an acute stage when the Anglo-American Commission separated without coming to any definite conclusion. In the meantime, though there is much friction and irritability between the people of the two



MAP OF ALASKA SHOWING THE DISPUTED BOUNDARY

nationalities in the district under dispute, both countries recognise the urgent necessity of an agreement being arrived at. Some of the difficulties in connection with the boundary line were settled before the Commission separated, but the point upon which no solution was reached was the question of the entrance to the Yukon district, involved by the possession of the head of the Lynn Canal. The trouble arises from the two constructions put upon the wording of the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia. This treaty ran the boundary from the head of Portland Canal—some distance south of where our map ends—along "the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast" till it reached the 141st line of west longitude, and thence due north to the frozen ocean. Now geographers have since discovered that there is no such chain of mountains parallel to the coast. Another article of the treaty, however, provided that when these mountains "shall prove to be of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean" the line must be run "parallel to the winding of the coast," and should never exceed the distance of the marine leagues therefrom." A previous phrase defined "coast" as being the coast of the Pacific Ocean. Now the main question is, What is the coast line? The Canadian view is that the outer coast of the islands is the coast line, while the Americans urge that the line should be measured from the inside of the islands. The discovery of gold in the Yukon district and the consequent value of navigable inlets giving access to the gold-fields have obviously made the question one of the greatest importance. It is satisfactory to learn from the *Times* correspondent at New York that the details are being settled of a proposal made by Great Britain, and accepted in principle by the Washington Government, for the settlement of the question by the leasing by the United States to Canada of a port on the Lynn Canal. If a final agreement is reached, Canada will get what she really wants—access by sea to the Yukon, while the United States will retain their territorial sovereign rights. Put an inflamed sentiment on one or both sides of the border will make such an agreement difficult, if not impossible.

The Promenade Concerts

THE Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts started on Saturday, and to-night another and rival season will commence at Covent Garden. The two are, however, not at all likely to clash, for, at any rate if precedent be observed, the Covent Garden Concerts will mainly be for pleasure, while Queen's Hall devotes itself to the more serious side of things musical. Mr. Robert Newman has now found that the supporters of his Promenade Concerts are much the same as for his ordinary orchestral and similar entertainments, with the exception that as quite half the audience have to stand in the so-called "promenade" throughout the evening, lengthy symphonies are inadmissible. But difficult orchestral works are frequently done, and accordingly Mr. Wood, the conductor, has devoted much attention this year to the improvement of his band. So far as could be gathered by the performance of Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody and of the first of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suites on Saturday, the band is the best which has yet been heard at these Queen's Hall entertainments.

The only novelty this week was a very short one, a little piece mainly for wood wind (clarionets, flutes, and piccolo), with harp and celesta in imitation of a musical box. It is entitled *The Musical Snuff-Box*, and it was composed by the Russian musician Liadow, its chief interest lying in the cleverness and ingenuity in which it is written for an octet of instruments rarely employed in such work. Another item of interest on Saturday was the first appearance in London of the young French violoncello "prodigy" Paul Bazelaire, who, although only twelve years of age, has, it seems, already won a name for himself both in France and in Germany. Bazelaire is a skilful executant, a fact which was abundantly proved by his performance of, at any rate, the first and last movements of Dr. Saint-Saëns' Violoncello Concerto in A minor. That he lacks the tone of an adult is, however, beyond question. He plays upon a three-quarter sized 'cello, which seems, as he sits down, almost as large as himself. The programmes during the first week have otherwise been of a mixed character, including some of the most popular items of the Queen's Hall repertory. Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Van Hoose, Mr. Charles Knowles, and Miss Yvonne de Tréville, a member of the American Castle Square Opera Company, have been the principal vocalists. A feature of the Covent Garden Concerts will be the appearance of a large number of eminent composers, from Sir Alexander MacKenzie and Sir Hubert Parry downwards, to direct some of their own shorter orchestral works. The general programmes will be under the direction, as to the first part, of Mr. Riseley, and as to the second or dance portion, of that experienced Alhambra conductor, M. Georges Jacobi.

The Liverpool Food and Betterment Association

LAST week we gave some illustrations of the work done by the Liverpool Food and Betterment Association. We are now enabled to add portraits of Mr.

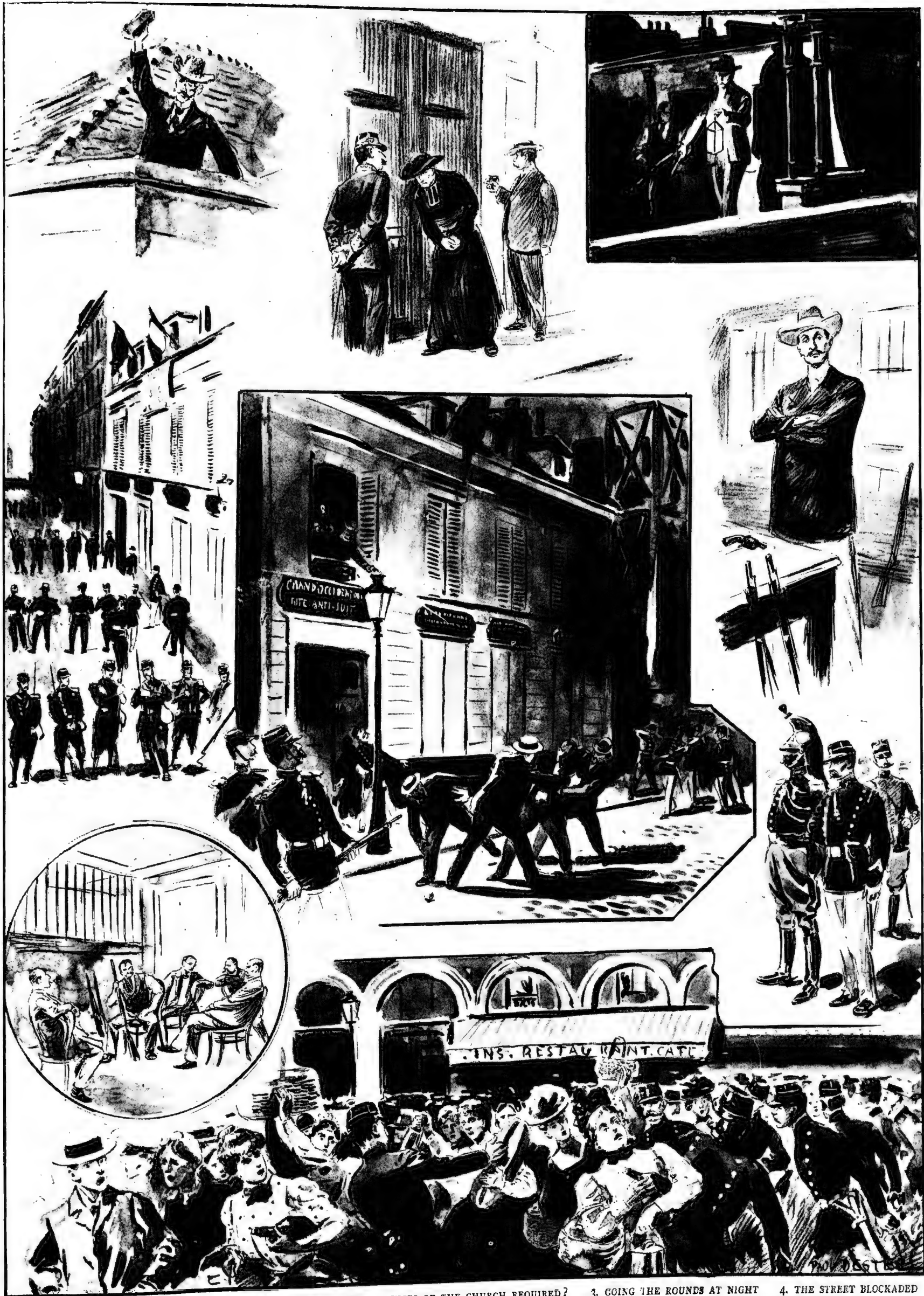


MISS WILLIAMSON
The Superintendent of the Central Depot

H. Lee J. Jones, the founder and honorary director of the association, and of one of his principal assistants, Miss Williamson, superintendent of the central depot at Lime Kiln Lane. The Press has been unanimous in praising the efforts of Mr. Lee Jones on behalf of the poor of Liverpool, whether in providing them with cheap food or in brightening their lot by giving them good music in their own alleys and courts. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the open-air concerts given by the association have resulted in similar entertainments being given in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and later in London. We wish the association every success. Our photographs, both in this number and that of last week, are by F. N. Eaton, Aintree.



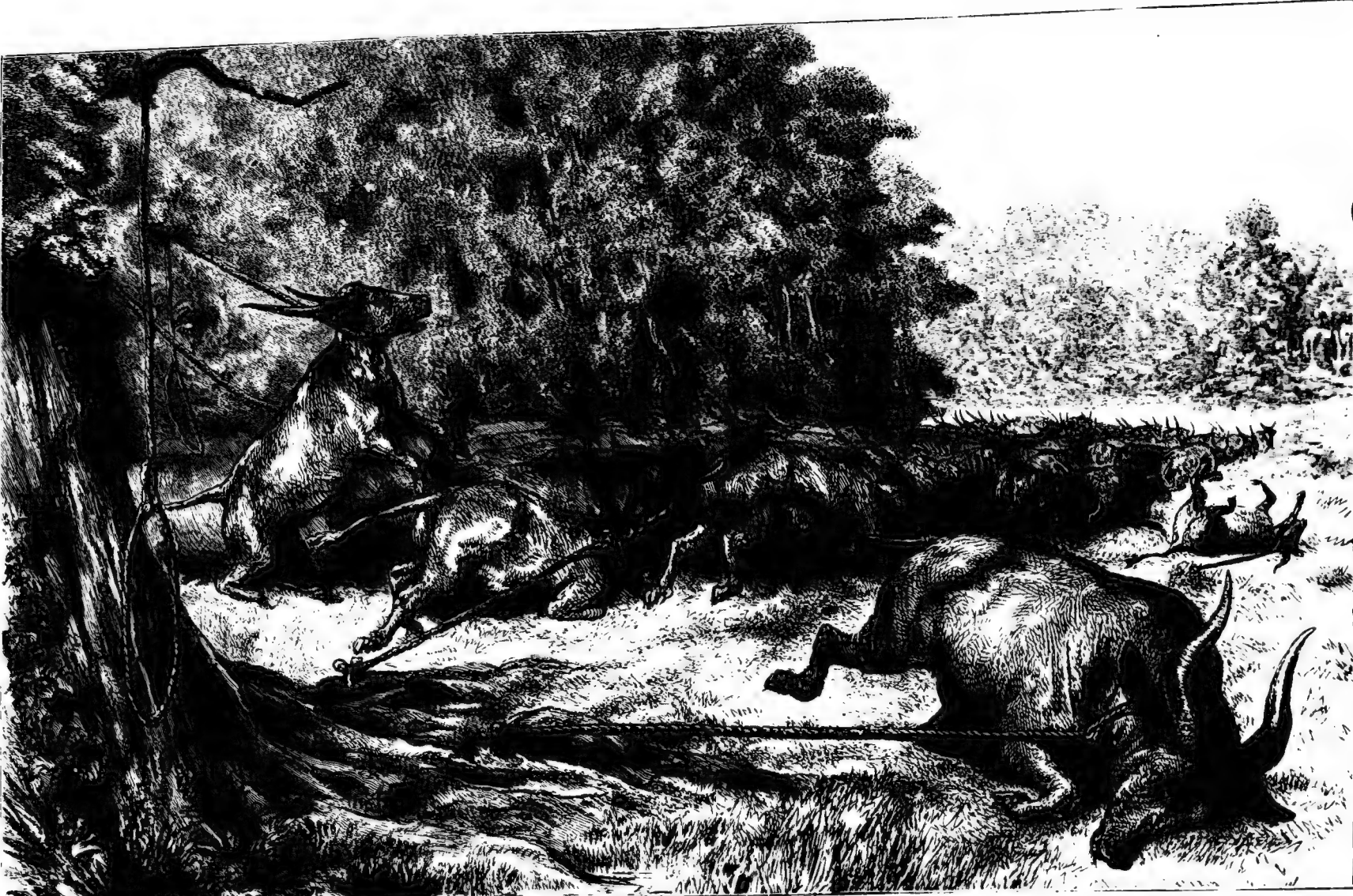
MR. H. LEE J. JONES
Founder of the Liverpool Food and Betterment Association



1. M. GUÉRIN THROWING BRICKBATS AT THE POLICE 2. ARE THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH REQUIRED? 3. GOING THE ROUNDS AT NIGHT 4. THE STREET BLOCKADED
5. THE FIRST SHOT: M. GUÉRIN FIRING AT THE POLICE 6. M. GUÉRIN IN HIS OFFICE 7. THE BESIEGED ON GUARD 8. TYPES OF THE BESIEGERS
9. THE ATTEMPT OF THE MARKET WOMEN TO RELIEVE THE GARRISON

M. GUÉRIN AT BAY: INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF "FORT CHABROL"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL DE TEZ



DRAWN BY C. DURAND

FROM A SKETCH BY J. L. K. VAN DORT

The Ceylon buffalo, unless caught very young, and trained very carefully, is difficult to tame. The haunts of the buffalo in the wild state are in the eastern part of the island, where there are extensive grassy plains. When wild animals are needed to replenish the stock of tame beasts a curious device is made use of to

catch them. Large nooses made of stout jungle rope are suspended from the creepers on the out-kirts of a patch of forest, and beaters drive the herd from the shade of the forest into the open ground. In rushing out the buffaloes get their necks entangled in the nooses, and are thus easily secured.

NOOSING WILD BUFFALOES IN CEYLON



Most of the old customs connected with Highland weddings are fast disappearing, but although it is becoming more and more the fashion for couples to be married in church, after the English manner, yet in some of the less frequented parts of Scotland the marriage ceremony is still celebrated in the bride's house as of yore, and there are many old churches in which to this day no marriage has ever taken place. The marriage ceremony is usually conducted in the open air, in front of the bride's home, and is as simple as one

would expect from the life and surroundings of the Highland peasant. The minister first prays and reads a portion of the Scriptures, generally seasoned with a piece of good advice delivered in a homely and outspoken manner, and the couple then join hands and answer the questions of the Marriage Service. The ceremony then is complete, the guests flock round to congratulate the lucky pair, and the pipers strike up and march them off to the bridegroom's home.

AN OLD HIGHLAND CUSTOM: CELEBRATING A MARRIAGE OUTSIDE THE BRIDE'S HOUSE

DRAWN BY A. G. SMALL



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOŠANG

On the immense low-lying plains of Hungary countless numbers of horses are bred, and these furnish the mounts for the cavalry in the Austrian and Italian armies. The horses run about wild in herds, and are in the open the whole summer, being only stabled in winter. As these horses graze everywhere, they are easily stolen, and the numerous gipsies who live in Hungary are all horse thieves. They can ride without saddle and bridle, and are difficult to capture when making off with stolen horses. The Hungarian gendarmes give them

short shrift when they pursue them, shooting them down at sight, and sometimes, if there are several thieves together, a pitched battle takes place, for the gipsies carry knives and guns. Large bands of robbers find a refuge in the forests in north and west Hungary, descending to the plains on their thieving excursions and returning to their hiding-places with their booty after overcoming the herd men and taking their pick of the horses. These are sold through middlemen on the other side of the frontier, especially in Russia.

A RIDE FOR LIFE: HORSE THIEVES IN HUNGARY PURSUED BY GENDARMES



This illustration shows a group of officers of the 2nd Manchester Regiment engaged in working out the outpost scheme while the battalion is resting. The men are in "shirtsleeves order" on account of the almost

tropical heat prevailing on the Plain. Just above the men is one of the many barrows or tumuli to be found in the neighbourhood

ARMY TRAINING ON SALISBURY PLAIN: THE MANCHESTERS ENJOYING A QUIET HALF HOUR

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK

A Trip to Thule

THERE is probably no part of the United Kingdom so seldom visited by the ordinary tourist as the islands of Orkney and Shetland. Yet those who appreciate the grandeur of a sea-girt and rock-bound coast may visit these romantic islands without the risk of suffering any undue discomfort, and with every prospect of enjoying a holiday amid novel and most interesting surroundings.

From Aberdeen the well-appointed steamer *St. Ninian* made a



THE OLD MAN OF HOY

special cruise this summer to South Uist and Stornoway, in the Hebrides, for the purpose of conveying from those parts numbers of girls who annually engage in the labours of curing and packing the herring catches in the Shetlands, and seizing the opportunity of visiting "the naked, melancholy isles of farthest Thule;" we packed our bags and went on board. At Castlebay, our first stopping place, we embarked upwards of 100 girls, varying in age from eighteen to twenty-five years, all decently dressed and well behaved, and at Stornoway, which we reached after a short run, some fifty-nine girls were taken on board, for although Stornoway is the fishing



SCALLOWAY CASTLE

metropolis of the Hebrides, the catches and prices of late years have been so unsatisfactory that many of the native girls now contract to go north to the Shetlands during the summer months.

The steamer now made her way across the Minch to Loch Inchart, on the west coast of

Sutherlandshire. Then coasting northward we rounded Cape Wrath, making for Loch Eriboll, a few more girls being taken aboard at these places, thence to Scrabster, which, being the port of Thurso, forms one of the starting points of the Orkney and Shetland Navigation Company's steamers. From here the usual route is eastwards among the Orkney Islands, but upon this special occasion, our fair passengers being bound for the Shetlands, we kept up the west coast of the Island of Hoy, passing the old man of that ilk standing out like a sentinel over the North Sea. The Old Man of Hoy is an insulated sandstone column on a base of igneous rock, rising in one vertical mass to a height of over 300 ft. Another rock on this island, called the Kame of Hoy, is supposed to resemble in outline the profile of Sir Walter Scott. Hoy abounds in cliffs and caves unparalleled in Britain for grandeur of structure and gorgeousness of colour. Keeping west of the Island of Pomona, or mainland of Orkney, we crossed the Westray Firth to Westray Island, passing close to Noup Head, with its myriads of wild birds, a run of six hours bringing us in sight of Foula, and the ever present sea fowl which make Foula their breed-

ing place. Foula lies some thirteen miles off the Shetland coast, and possesses the distinction of having on its north-west coast the highest cliffs in the British Isles. After passing Foula, we soon sighted the mainland of Shetland, and entered one of the long narrow bays called "voes"—with which the whole coast line of the islands is pierced—and cast anchor. At the small fishing station here a few of the girls disembarked by means of boats, then, turning about, the vessel made her way down the channel just as the sun set, its warm rays lighting up the rocky coasts, whose granite walls and schistose crags reflected a wealth of colour only to be seen in these northern lands. Skirting the east coast, we ran by Ramna Stacks at the mouth of Yell Sound, and steaming on until we came in sight of the hill country of the Isle of Unst, we passed outside of the most northern of Scottish lighthouses, that of the rock of Flugga, then, rounding the Island of Yell, we entered Balta Sound, where the remainder of the girls were put ashore.

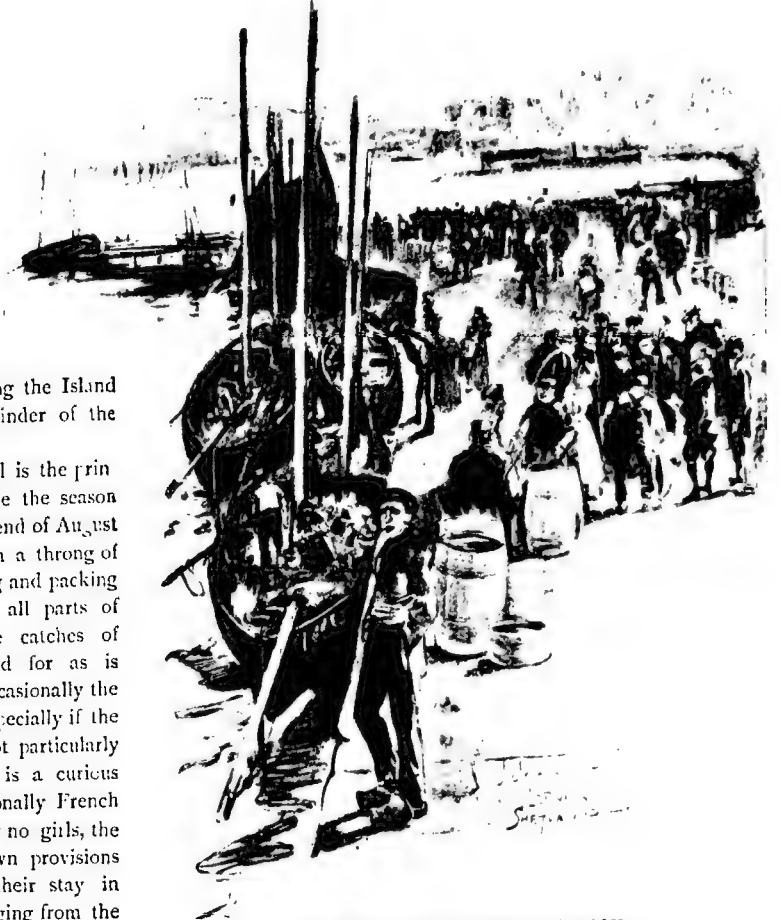
Balta Sound is on the east side of Unst Island, and is the principal seat of the herring curing industry, and while the season is in full swing—from the beginning of June till the end of August—it is a cheerful and busy place. The jetties, with a throng of eager workers cutting up the fish in huge tanks, salting and packing them in barrels ready for their transmission to all parts of Europe, form a unique and lively scene. The catches of herrings as they arrive, if not already contracted for as is often done months ahead, are put up for auction. Occasionally the prices of the fish are run up in a remarkable way, especially if the dealer most anxious to secure them is wealthy and not particularly well liked. Among the fishing crews here there is a curious mixture of nationalities—Scotch and English, occasionally French and German, and always Dutch. The Dutch employ no girls, the crews doing their own curing. They bring their own provisions with them, and purchase almost nothing during their stay in Shetland except peppermint lozenges, for which, judging from the amount they dispose of, they seem to have a decided weakness.

The girls engaged in the herring curing seem to be always in good spirits and fond of cracking jokes at the expense of any male person who may come within their reach. They work in gangs of three, partly by contract and partly by result. The pay is good, most of them going home with 10s. or 12s. for their season's work. They enjoy immunity from Sunday labour, and invariably turn out on that day neatly, if not fashionably, attired. Their work may not be pleasant in hot weather, but to many of them it comes as a welcome variation after their dull winter in the Western Isles.

Leaving Balta Sound we made our way through the narrow passages between Yell and Fetlar Island and Whalsey and the mainland, round the Mull of Eswick, and entered the narrow sound of Bressay, leading to the town of Lerwick.

Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Islands, is little more than 200 years old. It contains an old and new town, the former extending along the curving shores of a picturesque bay, all but land-locked by the Island of Bressay. At the north end of the town is Fort Charlotte, built by Oliver Cromwell, and restored by Charles II., and further extended and repaired in 1781, when it received the name it now bears, after the Consort of George III. It is now the headquarters of the Naval Reserve, and has two batteries and a drill hall. During winter about 12,000 men are drilled here. The Dutch fishing fleet at one time frequented the safe and commodious bay in large numbers, towards the end of June, but within the last half-century they have been gradually dwindling away, till now it is seldom that over 100 sail are seen at anchor at one time. Rather more than a mile from the town, on the south coast, is the Clickhem, separated from the sea by a raised beach. On an island in this loch are the ruins of one of these ancient structures, known as Pictish Burghs, one of the many such scattered over the islands, though this is perhaps the best preserved specimen.

Comfortably seated on the daily coach that runs from Lerwick to Scalloway, a most enjoyable run was made to that quaint little fishing place. Scalloway is a village with a population of about 500, the bay forming a semicircle, round which the houses are built. It is the ancient capital of Shetland, and bids fair to assert its claim to that title again, at least commercially, owing to the success with which the fishings have been prosecuted within recent years, and to the impetus given to trade by direct steam communication with the south. The chief object of interest here is a castellated mansion, the property of the Earl of Zetland, four stories high, built in the form of a parallelogram, with the usual square tower and projecting turrets. It was erected by Earl Patrick Stewart by the forced labour of the unfortunate islanders, and bears over its one arched doorway an inscription relating to houses built on sand, which may be interpreted as meaning that the house could not stand long, having such an unstable foundation as oppression. As, indeed, it did not, for shortly afterwards, the Earl being beheaded, the castle was deserted, and is now in a ruined state. An old and primitive meal mill near Scalloway is well worth mention. The water comes through an opening at the side, and impinges on oblong



LERWICK IN THE FISHING SEASON

flanges set at slight angles, the whole operating the two stones on the upper floor of the building. A little stone resting on the grinding stones agitates the corn as it runs down the shoot, and keeps it in constant motion. Occasionally the mill is very much in demand.

Returning to Lerwick, we found the *St. Ninian* in readiness for the homeward journey, and were soon steaming southward past Bressay Lighthouse with its peculiar natural archway of jagged, weather-beaten rock. Sixteen hours' sail brought us to the Granite City once more and to the end of a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

The Shetland Isles are as yet but little known, but they will amply repay the attention of either the artist, the angler, the archaeologist or the naturalist. The lochs and burns of Shetland abound with trout, and in many of them, as also in the "voes," sea trout of exceedingly fine quality and of great play are to be found. The rates of passage from Leith and Aberdeen are very moderate, the vessels of the Orkney and Shetland Navigation Company are well appointed for the care of passengers, and tourists will find that the company's servants are animated with the laudable desire to make them comfortable and well acquainted with every object of interest on the route.



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New Novels

"AN OBSTINATE PARISH"

THE village of Hurstwell, according to M. L. Lord's account of it under the title of "An Obsolete Parish" (T. Fisher Unwin), was troubled with too much of too many things. It had too fascinating, too flirtatious, and too obstinately celibate a vicar in the person of the Rev. Cyril Robertson. The asthetic Atheist, Mr. Keen, who led the anti-ritualistic opposition, was too reliant upon arson and murder. His daughter, Nellie, was very much too passionately susceptible, and his son, Paget, too much like a Greek god for ordinary wear and tear. His

neighbour, Squire Hazeldean, was too much of a booby, and his pet child Sylvia too much of a simpleton even for the heroine of a love story. The Rev. Henry Aske was, it is true, wise in word and good in deed—but then he belonged to another parish; and even he was too fond of a horse race to satisfy the censoriously disposed. The central situation is the conduct of Nellie Keen. Having proposed to the Rev. Cyril and been refused, she revenges herself upon him by eloping with a married man for whom she did not care a farthing, bearing a child, and dying. Somewhat illogically, the Atheist father avenges her wrongs by exciting a popular riot against the vicar's innovations, and getting the new clergy house burned down and the vicar drowned in the squire's pond—or at least as nearly drowned as circumstances permitted. As an ecclesiastical novel it will stand what is said to be the test of a just judgment in a court of law—that is to say none of the parties will be satisfied. As just a novel, it holds the attention well, and its portraiture is firm and consistent, though coloured beyond all ordinary recognition.

TWO NOVELS BY FLORENCE MARRYAT

The story of Florence Marryat's "Iris the Avenger" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a decidedly good one, and it gives the satisfactory impression—by no means always obtained from a novel in these days—that the authoress knew what story she was going to tell before beginning. Iris Bevan (who, by the way, possessed the unique distinction of being a lady-graduate of the University of Oxford) had devoted her life to vengeance upon the unknown seducer, and, morally, the murderer, of her younger sister. Misled by the photograph of a man by whom her sister was known to have been visited, she is horrified by being compelled to identify the man who has won her own heart with the scoundrel she is seeking. Meanwhile, however, Iris herself has been the good angel of a poor broken-down player without another friend in the world, preventing his death-bed from having been one of starvation, and generally ministering to him as a sister. Where her vengeance had been rightly due we have said more than enough to do away with guessing; but we think that the plot has everything to gain by putting the reader in a position to follow from the outset the development of Iris's exceedingly suggestive blunder, and to appreciate the irony of her relation to the actor, Lawrence Markham. The novel contains a good deal about stage life on its lower planes which is not made to seem convincing—though, of course, that need not prevent its being true.

"A Rational Marriage" (F. V. White and Co.) is the description of an arrangement by which the husband and wife are to live apart, in order to safeguard the latter's expectations from a matrimony-hating uncle. Naturally, this arrangement breaks down, point by point, except in its very nearly resulting in a separation, not merely for a time, but for their lives. There seems to be a good deal of interest taken just now in the study of marriage under abnormal conditions. But the invention of a situation so inevitably doomed to failure seems scarcely worth a clever writer's while.

"KNAVES OF DIAMONDS"

The tricks of the trade, affectionately known in and about Kimberley as "I.D.B."—that is to say, Illicit Diamond Buying—are the subject of Mr. George Griffith's happily named "Knaves of Diamonds" (C. Arthur Pearson). The author assures his readers that "There are not a few who have found fortune in South Africa, and certain honours there and elsewhere, who can look back to anxious moments, big with fate, which made all the difference between the broadcloth of the millionaire magnate and the

arrow-marked canvas of the convict "I.D.B."—"B" standing for "Buyer" as well as "Lying." How can this be more than a guess, for a successful I.D.B. would assuredly know how to hold his tongue—especially to anybody of literary proclivities. But the theory, at any rate, supplies a good working basis for Mr. Griffith's anecdotes of chronic strife between the detectives and the potential millionaires of all conditions and nationalities, and of both sexes—fortune indiscriminately favouring now one side and now the other. Two ancient maxims must, we fear, be allowed to go to the wall—that "Honesty is the best policy," and that "There is honour among thieves." The volume should effect three purposes—helping the police to a knowledge of old tricks, consequently stimulating would-be millionaires to the invention of new ones, and entertaining readers of a cynical turn of mind.



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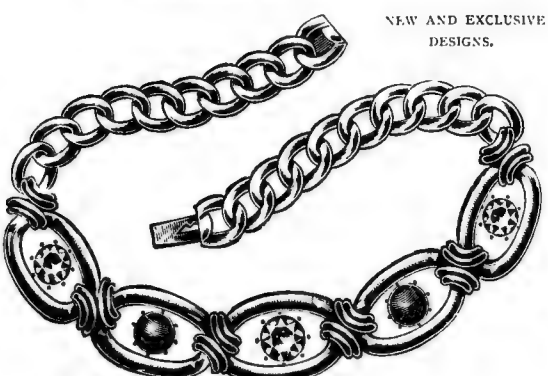
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The Benin Massacres

WHEN the city of Benin was taken some two years ago Ologboshi, the chief who was responsible for the massacres which led to the expedition, made good his escape with other chiefs.



OLOGBOSHERI IN CAPTIVITY

These men collected in the country between the capital and the Sokoto frontier, and soon became a cause of trouble and a source of serious danger to their neighbours. This spring Major C. H. P.

Carter, of the Royal Scots, who is second in command of the Niger Coast Protectorate Force, concentrated a force at Benin City with the object of dislodging these troublesome neighbours. The first objective of the expedition was the demolition of the stronghold of Ologboshi, about sixty miles from Benin City. For a time the chief disappeared, and there was a long period during which no news came from Major Carter, and some anxiety was felt concerning his fate. At length, however, a despatch reached this country early in July stating that Ologboshi had been captured by Lieutenant Gabbett. The chief was brought to Benin, was tried, and was executed. With the removal of this notorious chief the country has settled down, and no further trouble is anticipated. We are indebted for our photographs to Mr. T. W. Brownridge, who has just come home from Sapelli in the Niger Coast Protectorate.

Australian Exploration*

THE object that the author of this volume has in view in placing it before the public is one that is undoubtedly to be highly commended. The early Australian explorers certainly have not received the amount of praise and *kudos* which is their due. At the time when their arduous work was carried out Australia was, to all intents and purposes, much farther away from the Mother Country than it is at the present time; news travelled more slowly, and the discovery of gold which first called the attention of the country at large to the greatest of our colonies had not yet taken place. Mr. Firth Scott does not claim for the volume a scientific or a "reference-book" value, but "it is," he tells us, "the effort of one who, an Australian by adoption, seeks to hold before men's eyes some of the deeds by which the mysteries

*"The Romance of Australian Exploring." By G. Firth Scott. (Sampson Low and Co.)

of the 'silent, sombre land' were first solved, and the boundless wealth of the island continent made available to the all-conquering sons of Britain."

The first settlers could not, certainly, be accused of being particularly enterprising. The author writes:—

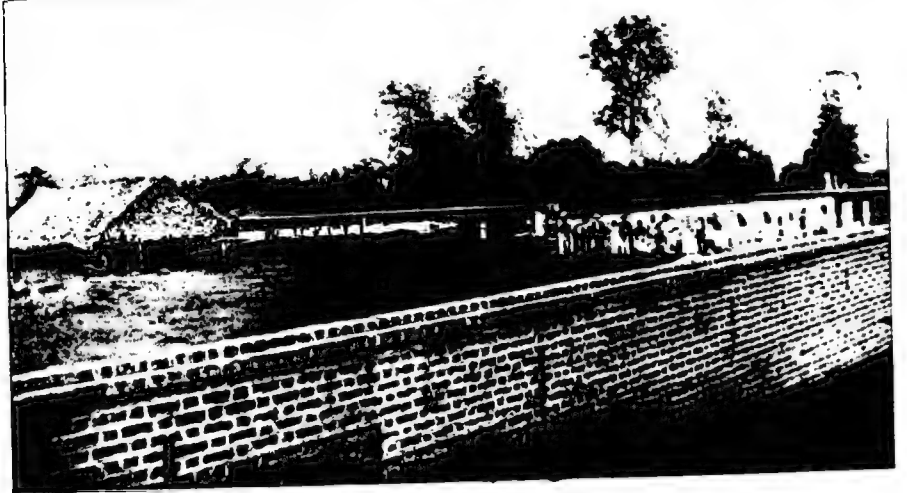
For twenty-five years after the settlement on Sydney Cove was founded, the country fifty miles inland was an untouched wilderness, whither no white man had penetrated, save, perhaps, a few convicts who had the misfortune to escape from the gaols, only to fall victims to thirst, starvation, or the spears of the black fellows.

The first explorers to find their way across the Blue Mountains were three young men, William Charles Wentworth, Lieutenant W. Lawson, and Gregory Blaxland. At the time when they started the little colony was experiencing its first prolonged drought. The author tells us that cultivation was at a standstill, for the seed sown did not germinate, and the cattle began to die off for want of food and water. Ruin was staring the settlers in the face, and starvation was threatening everyone not dependent upon the Government for their daily food. The three young men, after overcoming immense difficulties, reached a high ridge, from whence, much to their surprise, they looked down upon a wide open valley, through which flowed a good-sized stream. The explorers, after following the stream for some miles, retraced their steps. On their arrival at Sydney, the information they brought with them produced the greatest enthusiasm and excitement. The Governor, Lachlan Macquarie, immediately sent off an expedition with George Williams Evans, the Assistant-Surveyor General, as its leader. Evans and his party followed the stream which was discovered by the first three explorers, and which he called the Fish River, and eventually came to a fertile country, to which he gave the name of Macquarie Plains. On the return of Evans, on January 8, 1814, anxiety was at once manifested on the part of the settlers to be off to the new lands. The Governor issued instructions for the making of a road over the mountains. Prison labour, of which there was always a large amount available in the early days of the settlement, was drafted off in sufficient quantities to enable the road to be cleared of timber, and by January, 1815, the road was ready for traffic from Emu Plains to Bathurst.

Mr. Firth Scott gives excellent accounts of the different expeditions



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—Smiles



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C. (The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.)

BURNS says:—

'TIS NO IN TITLES, NOR IN RANK,
IT'S NO IN WEALTH LIKE LON'ON BANK
TO PURCHASE PEACE AND REST;
IT'S NO IN MAKING MUCKLE MAIR;
IT'S NO IN BOOKS, IT'S NO IN LEAR,
TO MAKE US TRULY BLEST.
IF HAPPINESS HAE NOT HER SEAT
AND CENTRE IN THE BREAST,
WE MAY BE WISE, OR RICH, OR GREAT,
BUT NEVER CAN BE BLEST.'

LOVE OF LIFE.

'Tis Life, Not Death,
For which we Pant;
More Life and Fuller,
That we want!

—Tennyson.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—"From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been a Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefited very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world famous 'FRUIT SALT.' It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one

of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however ardently won or freshly gathered, and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonies, possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics, the *bon vivants* no less than the man to whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with a benefit to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—The European Mail.

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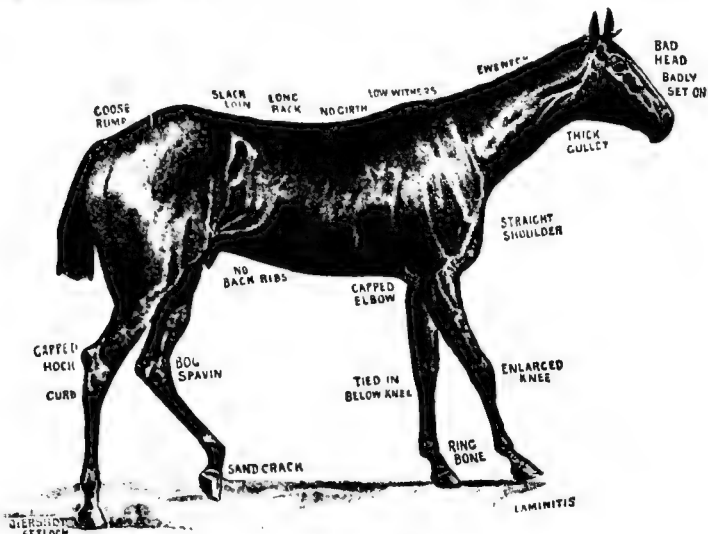
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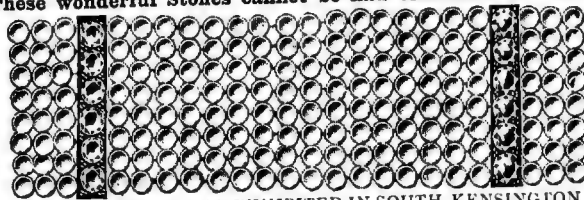
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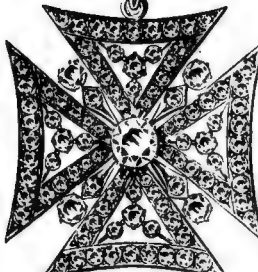
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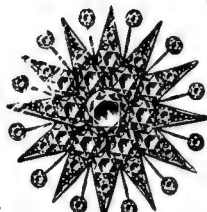
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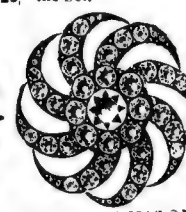
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taken by Oxley, Hume, Sturt, and others, which led to the discovery of the Lachlan, the Macquarie, and the Murrumbidgee rivers. Major Mitchell followed the course of the Lachlan river, discovered the Wimmera and the Loddon, and eventually surveyed and opened up the richest part of Victoria, to which he gave the name of "Australia Felix."

In 1840 J. F. Eyre, who had already discovered Lake Torrens two years previously, started on his long and perilous journey from Adelaide to King George's Sound, a distance of over 1,200 miles. After trying several routes he decided that the only way to get to Western Australia was by the coast line of the great Australian Bight. On February 24, 1841, the party, consisting of two white men, three black boys, nine horses, and six sheep were ready to start from the camp. As a start was about to be made two figures were seen approaching; they were the captain of the *Hero* and Mr. E. B. Scott, who had been sent from Adelaide to try and dissuade Eyre from an undertaking which every one regarded as hopeless. However, he was not to be dissuaded. By the end of March the horses began to give in, and their water was finished. They kept on, however, procuring water in small quantities by digging holes in the sand, and when that failed, they



L. St. Saturday the annual collection of the Lifeboat Fund was held at Southsea, the day being made the occasion of a fete in the town, which was very full of visitors. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by E. Hopkins, Southsea, represents the launching of the Heyland Lifeboat.

managed to get a few digging down to the roots gum trees, breaking off the root and sucking out the milk. At the end of April Eyre's companion was murdered by natives, but the gallant continued his journey with a black boy that was left party. On June 2, on a hill on the coast, Eyre amazed to see below him fishing boats in the bay. If his boy tried to attract the attention of the men in them, they were out avail. They were moodily watching them, when the masts of a ship observed over a small six miles out to sea. Eyre succeeded in attracting from the ship, and also from it a fresh supply of provisions. Eyre and his black boy reached Albany during the week of July, rather more than a year after they had left Adelaide. He had not given up for lost, and to find that his black boy had but recently perished, they had been waiting his supposed death. The relations of Leichhardt, King, McDowall, Stuart, and described by the natives. The value of the work has been enhanced by Mr. Eyre's had included some of the in the volume.

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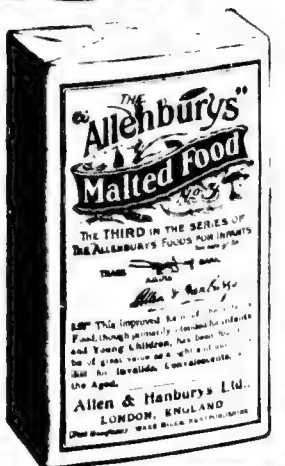
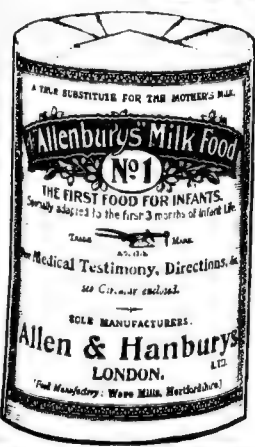
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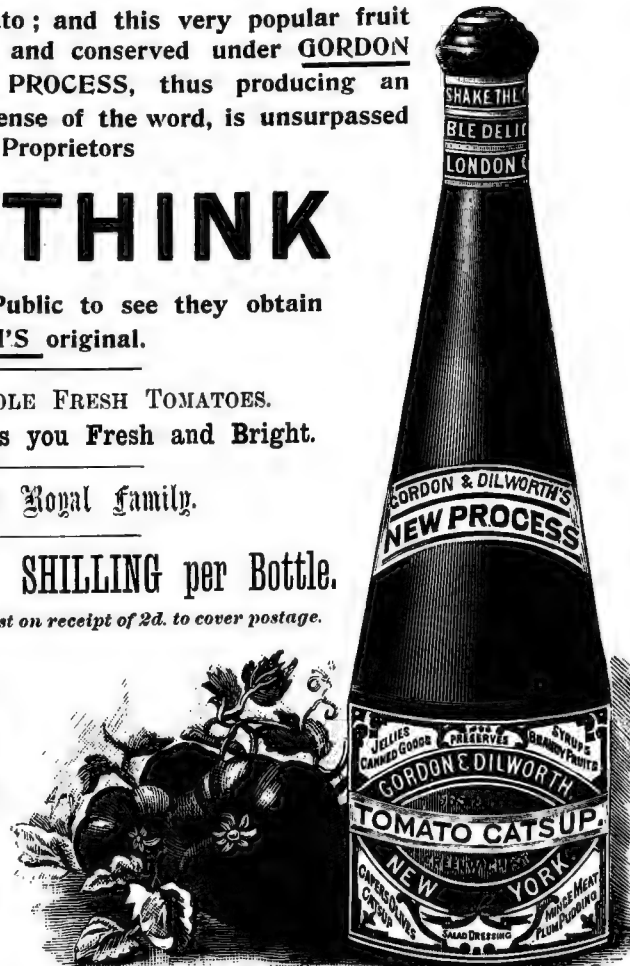
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

FROM August 23 to 27 the tides on the Thames were exceptionally high, and those who had to wade nearly knee deep on the towing path were not disposed to believe overmuch in the depleted state of the streams. The sea, however, is an inexhaustible store on which to draw, and the tides have nothing to do with land water. The latter is failing very seriously, many hundreds of villages reporting their wells as empty, while the country house which is at all liberally supplied with water is besieged by less fortunate neighbours with requests for aid. Several meres containing islands, bours with requests for aid. Several meres containing islands, report that the present lowness of the water, enabling this or that island to be reached dryshod, is without precedent in living memory. The difficulty of raising green vegetables is very great, and even at good hotels the "salad" is often only fit for the dustbin. The trees being deep-rooted are standing the drought fairly well; those on which it is telling most are the chestnuts. The meadows are in a condition truly deplorable, and the scarcity of feed this autumn can scarcely fail to be severe. The heat in town has been almost unbearable, but in the country a most bracing easterly breeze has tempered the heat in a wonderful manner, and the dryness of the air may also have had something to do with the healthy feeling. Cricketers assure us that they have "felt it hotter than ever before,"

but have not suffered so much as in some years; in other words it has been "a healthy heat."

THE THREE CEREAL CROPS

Harvest is so far advanced that the three cereal crops are already the theme of the statistician. Wheat is reckoned at 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 bushels against an official return last year of 74,885,200 bushels, and an actual yield, as most authorities now agree, of 76,000,000 to 77,000,000. The yield this year, where reckoned by the bushel, is put at 33 bushels per acre, being a bushel more than was currently calculated before the splendid weather of August. Last year 34.75 bushels was the official estimate, 36 bushels that of Mark Lane and other great trade centres. Barley is of fine quality, but the bulk is not heavy. Last year 36.24 bushels were averaged against a fourteen years' average of 33.43 bushels. This year 34 bushels is generally spoken of, but a few good judges doubt if 33 has been exceeded. It is pretty clear that in bulk barley differs very slightly from an average crop. Oats are admittedly deficient, but in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland the yield is much better than in England, and, therefore, the eventual returns for the United Kingdom are likely to exceed the ideas entertained at the chief English markets. The new rye crop is so satisfactory that much regret is expressed at so little being grown. The first sales were at 22s. per qr., but 24s. and 26s. were successively quoted, and to-day 28s. is paid against 25s. 6d. for wheat. This is a very exceptional

circumstance. Tares are also held for a good price, the new being in excellent request.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

The past four months have been rather favourable to game, but domestic and cage birds have bred very indifferently, and season has seldom suited pigeons. The splendid summer has been at all prolific in butterflies, neither rare sorts nor a large number of common species have marked what might have been expected to be a great year for *rhopalocera*. The moths, which have also been mostly been the *tinella*, a disappointment to collectors have seldom gone in for "the micras." Squirrels have done well, gamekeepers tell us, and badgers, where preserved, have made and reared their young. Otters, of course, have suffered from extreme lowness of the waters. The night heron has been of waters owned by less observant persons, and, on these, have dried up, have shifted their quarters. We hear of large *argentine*, a very rare fish, allied to the smelt, but, as guished by the observant, has been caught off the west Scotland. The dry state of many ponds and small lakes the death of many fish this season; our fish lack the power of burying itself in the mud.

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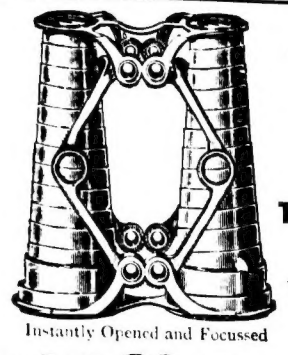
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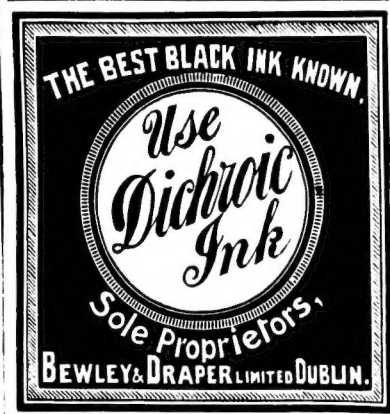
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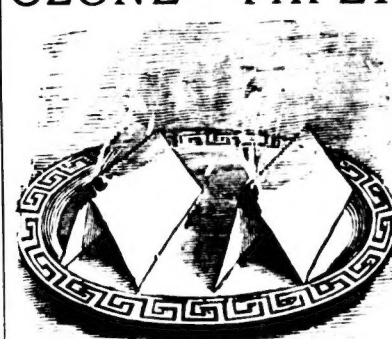
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